Criss-Cross

by Matt Fitton

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time and space traveller.

CONSTANCE CLARKE: MIRANDA RAISON
Leading WREN at Bletchley & time traveller's companion-to-be.

ROBBIE FLINT /CYRIL (Scene 58 only):
(M, 30s, Estuary) Charming, self-serving criminal and double-agent/ Posh boffin.

MAJOR HARRIS/ GERMAN LIEUTENANT:
(M, 50s) MI6 spycatcher.

DR SCHWARTZMANN/ RIDER (Scene 3 only):
(M, 50s) German spymaster./ Despatch rider (regional accent).

SYLVIA WIMPOLE/ THE WAVEFORM (FX)/ EFFY (Scene 58 only):
(F, 20s) Plucky bombe girl and mathematical prodigy./ A form of evil sentient electromagnetism./ Secretary (regional accent).

CAPTAIN UNGER/ DUTCH/ BRITISH CAPTAIN/ CHUADRI (FX):
(M, 40s) German submarine officer./ Dutch spy working for the Germans./ British Captain./ Electromagnetic footsoldiers.

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PART ONE

SCENE 1: INT. GARRET

SCRATCHING OF PAPER AND PEN AS FLINT WRITES.

FLINT:
Agent Funken, berichte - Ware ist abgeholt. (GERMAN CONTINUES AND FADES UNDER TRANSLATION) *Abteilung sieben null neun gefährdet. Weitere Informationen folgen.*

[NB: FLINT IS FLUENT IN GERMAN, BUT NOT A NATIVE SPEAKER. PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION IS:
Agg-ent funka, barik-ta – Varrer ist ap-ge-holt.
Ap-tie-lung zee-ben null nyn ge-fair-det.
Vie-terra infor-mat-zee-onen foll-gun.]

(OVERLAID OVER PREVIOUS) 'Agent Spark reporting. Goods have been picked up. Division seven oh-nine compromised. More information to follow.'

CLICKING OF ENIGMA CIPHER MACHINE, SETTING ROTORS, PRESSING KEYS.

FLINT:
Now then. Rotors set. (USING CIPHER, TAPS KEY, WRITES DOWN EACH LETTER) G. K. T. I. (FADES UNDER FOLLOWING RADIO MORSE TRANSMISSION) S. V. E. J. T. G. A…

FLINT TUNES HIS RADIO AND STARTS USING MORSE TRANSMITTER.

MORSE CODE BEGINS TRANSMITTING THROUGH THE ETHER – DOTS AND DASHES: DASH-DASH-DOT, DASH-DOT-DASH, DASH, DOT-DOT, DOT-DOT-DOT, DOT-DOT-DOT-DASH, DOT, DOT-DASH-DASH-DASH, DASH, DASH-DASH-DOT, DOT-DASH.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 2: INT. RECEIVER ROOM, STATION Y [FX ONLY]

BUSY RADIO-RECEIVING STATION. KEYS TAPPING, PHONES RINGING. LOW MURMURED CONVERSATION.

A CRACKLING RADIO SIGNAL TUNES INTO THE SAME MORSE CODE TRANSMITTED IN SCENE 1.

CROSS-FADE TO:

SCENE 3: EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE BLETCHLEY

MOTORBIKE DRIVING ALONG ROAD. IT PULLS UP ON GRAVEL DRIVEWAY, LOTS OF PEOPLE BUSTLING PAST. SOLDIER OPENS GATE.

SYLVIA RUNS OVER.

SYLVIA:
(CALLING) Hello there!

BIKE PULLS INTO DRIVE, STOPS ENGINE. RIDER UNLOCKS SATCHEL AND REMOVES PACKAGE AS SYLVIA ARRIVES.

RIDER:
Morning Miss.

SYLVIA:
How was it this morning?

RIDER:
Not too busy till I got over here.

SYLVIA:
Always the way!

RIDER:
(HANDING OVER PACKAGE) Here we are. Latest despatches from the Y-Stations. Sign here, miss.

SYLVIA SIGNS.

SYLVIA:
Thank you. They'll be looked at right away.

RIDER:
See you later, Miss. Back this afternoon.

REVS ENGINE.

SYLVIA:
(CALLING) Goodbye! Drive safely!

MOTORBIKE DRIVES OFF. FADE OUT:

SCENE 4: INT. HUT TWELVE-A

FADE UP B/G NOISE OF BOMBE MACHINE (RATTLING, HAMMERING AND WHIRRING OF LARGE INDUSTRIAL-SIZED DECODING MACHINE) IN ANOTHER ROOM.

IN THIS ROOM, HALF A DOZEN AGENTS USE CLICKING, TYPEX DECODING MACHINES, SCRATCHING PENS AND TYPWRITERS.

SYLVIA:
(CLOSE) V - E — J - T — G - A. That's… (USING TYPEX MACHINE) 'F — U — N — K — E - N. (BEAT) Spark! (CALLING) Doctor! Doctor Smith!

DOCTOR:
(WALKING OVER) Yes, Miss Wimpole?

SYLVIA:
I've another communication from Agent Spark.

DOCTOR:
Excellent work, young lady. Cross reference with the daily logs in C Block, I'll review them all together. Here. I've a few more for you to go through.

DUMPS LARGE PILE OF PAPERS ON SYLVIA'S DESK.

SYLVIA:
(DEFLATED) Yes sir. Thank you sir.

DOCTOR:
(WALKING OUT) I'll be in my office up at the Main House. (STOPS AT DOOR. SATISFIED SIGH, TO SELF) Ah, Bletchley Park. (TO ROOM) Keep up the good work. All of you!

OPENING THEME.

SCENE 5: INT. WAVENDON HOUSE DORM.

CONSTANCE ENTERS, RINGING A BELL.

CONSTANCE:
Wakey, wakey. Rise and shine, ladies.

WRENS WAKING AND GETTING UP.

CONSTANCE:
Now. Morning shift. Page and Wimpole. Seagrove and Bailey. Bombe duty. Hut 11. The rest of you, Hut 12-A with me. Cribs and translation.

WRENS RUSH ABOUT GETTING READY.

CONSTANCE:
Quick as you like. Get to it now.

CONSTANCE WALKS THROUGH BUSTLING DORM.

CONSTANCE:
(OVER ACTIVITY) Come along. Fill your basins. Quick wash and brush up. Uniforms on. (BEAT) Wimpole? Where's Wren Wimpole?

CROSS TO:

SCENE 6: INT. WAVENDON HOUSE WASHROOM

DRIPPING TAP INTO BATHTUB. SYLVIA SOBBING. CONSTANCE OPENS DOOR AND ENTERS.

SYLVIA:
(SOBS)

CONSTANCE:
(APPROACHING) Wren Wimpole. Others would like to use the facilities.

SYLVIA:
(SOBS) I'm sorry, ma'am. I'm so sorry.

CONSTANCE:
Look at you. You're exhausted.

SYLVIA:
I'm sorry…

CONSTANCE:
When did you come off shift?

SYLVIA:
I didn't. Not since… the night before last.

CONSTANCE:
What? Three shifts in succession? Which detail were you on?

SYLVIA:
Hut Twelve-A. Special duties. Doctor Smith.

CONSTANCE:
No, no, no. This won't do. This won't do at all. (TO SYLVIA) Up and dressed and into uniform at the double, Wren Wimpole. I shall see about this.

MUSIC CUT TO:

SCENE 7: INT. STAIRS, BLETCHLEY MANSION

CONSTANCE MARCHING UP STAIRS CORRIDOR. SYLVIA SCURRYING BESIDE.

CONSTANCE:
I won't have it. Taking advantage of my girls.

SYLVIA:
(HURRYING TO KEEP UP) Please ma'am. I'm feeling better now.

CONSTANCE:
Dr Smith might be new here, but he's got to learn the rules. No double shifts. No more than two overnights a week.

SYLVIA:
I thought I'd be all right. I didn't want to let him down.

CONSTANCE:
You've let no-one down, Miss Wimpole. These gentlemen are not all men of the world. Sometimes they need lessons in how to deal with… people.

THEY REACH TOP OF STAIRS AND MARCH ALONG CORRIDOR.

CONSTANCE:
This way. He's taken an office along from Mr Travis, hasn't he?

SYLVIA:
They're so driven. In a world of their own sometimes. I don't think he meant any harm-

CONSTANCE:
(OVER HER) We put up with their eccentricities because they are geniuses. But there's no excuse for thoughtlessness. None at all.

SYLVIA:
He keeps some kind of 'police box' in his room. It took a dozen chaps to get it up the stairs when he arrived.

CONSTANCE:
(STOPPING) So I've heard. A small peculiarity compared with some of the other boffins, but another indulgence nonetheless. Here we are.

CONSTANCE RAPS ANGRILY ON THE DOOR.

DOCTOR:
(INSIDE) One moment please!

SYLVIA:
I'm sorry to cause any trouble.

CONSTANCE:
It’s no trouble at all. Wait out here, Sylvia. I’ll deal with this.

CONSTANCE KNOCKS AGAIN.

DOCTOR:
(INSIDE) All right, all right. Come in!

CONSTANCE OPENS DOOR.

SCENE 8: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY MANSION (CONTINUOUS)

CONSTANCE SLAMMING THE DOOR. DOCTOR IS DISTRACTED, FIDDLING WITH RADIO EQUIPMENT.

CONSTANCE:
This is simply not good enough. I need to lay down some ground rules. Sir.

DOCTOR:
I'll be right with you, Miss, um…?

CONSTANCE:
Mrs Clarke. Constance Clarke. Leading WREN at Wavendon House.

DOCTOR:
Yes… And?

CONSTANCE:
Any extra-ordinary use of my charges must be passed through me.

DOCTOR PUTS DOWN RADIO EQUIPMENT AND PAYS ATTENTION AT LAST.

DOCTOR:
'Extra-ordinary use'…? I'm sorry? What's this about? I am rather busy.

CONSTANCE:
Wren Wimpole. She's in floods of tears and on the brink of collapse!

DOCTOR:
Oh. Miss Wimpole? She's been doing sterling work. A very intelligent girl.

CONSTANCE:
Yes. She is a girl. You'd do well to remember that. Not a machine. She needs rest!

DOCTOR:
Oh, poor Sylvia. Things rather ran away… I'm afraid my need for information was rather urgent.

CONSTANCE:
So is my Wrens' need for sleep. How can they do their jobs properly if they are exhausted? You boffins sometimes forget. My ladies are not simply tools. They are human beings!

DOCTOR:
Sylvia has shown a particular aptitude. Her code-breaking skills are second to none.

CONSTANCE:
She was a mathematical prodigy at Cambridge. Commander Travis fast-tracked her through the Pro-Wren Training.

DOCTOR:
Which is why she is so useful to me!

CONSTANCE:
It is not all for your benefit, Doctor Smith. Bletchley is bigger than Hut 12-A. We must all pull together. We must share resources. It is simply not fair if those resources are exhausted by you.

DOCTOR:
My, my. I can see I have a fight on my hands. Constance, was it?

CONSTANCE:
Kindly address me as Leading Wren Clarke.

DOCTOR:
I'm not with the military. I see people as more than their rank.

CONSTANCE:
Mrs Clarke then, if you must.

DOCTOR:
Mrs Clarke. I apologise. Unreservedly. Might I be permitted to come to you directly in future?

CONSTANCE:
Certainly. If we all abide by the proper channels, the work will be more efficiently performed.

DOCTOR:
Allow me a word of explanation.

CONSTANCE:
Dr Smith?

DOCTOR:
There is a particular reason. A particular urgency to the messages I am tracking. Most secret and most important.

CONSTANCE:
Secret? Everything that goes on here is secret.

DOCTOR:
This is even more secret than that. And I would welcome your assistance.

CONSTANCE:
Go on.

DOCTOR:
There are certain phrases. Key words I need to watch for. I've followed every mention of 'golden eggs', and they seem to coincide with a particular agent's movements.

CONSTANCE:
Who?

DOCTOR:
Agent Spark.

CONSTANCE:
(RECOGNISING NAME) Spark, you say?

DOCTOR:
Yes. Anything related to him. Or golden eggs. I'd appreciate it if you could have your ladies look out and keep me informed.

CONSTANCE:
(HIDING RECOGNITION) Agent Spark… Yes. Yes, of course, Dr Smith. Any assistance I can provide. Within reason.

DOCTOR:
Within reason. Thank you, Mrs Clarke. It's good to have you on board.

SCENE 9: INT. COUNTRY CHATEAU, FRANCE

FLINT WALKS OVER FLOORBOARDS, POURS HIMSELF WINE. FOOTSTEPS AS SCHWARTZMANN ENTERS.

FLINT:
Ah. (ACROSS ROOM) The Chateau neuf's a bit on the vinegary side this year.

SCHWARTZMANN:
You are enjoying our hospitality I see…

FLINT:
Dr Schwartzmann. Only what I deserve, ain't it?

SCHWARTZMANN:
You've done well so far, Agent Spark.

FLINT:
Please. Call me Robbie. Or Mr Flint. We're on good enough terms. I call you Dr Schwartzman after all.

SCHWARTZMANN:
You are not so stupid to think this is my real name?

FLINT:
(DARK) Don't call me stupid.

SCHWARTZMANN:
No. I know you better than that. Perhaps I chose the wrong word. Please. Mr Flint. Be seated.

FLINT:
You've another job for me?

SCHWARTZMANN:
You have proved your worth, since we extracted you from the Paris penitentiary.

FLINT:
It was a fit-up. I never robbed no-one. All the Frenchies' misunderstanding. Couldn't speak the lingo back before the war, you see.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Whereas now you are fluent in several.

FLINT:
I get by.

SCHWARTZMANN:
No. Since we took control of the city and commuted your sentence, your time here at the chateau has been a good investment. Languages. Combat. Radio technique. You operate our cipher machines with skill. And of course, you have a talent with explosives.

FLINT:
Had a head start on that. Used to be the best safe-cracker in Bermondsey back in the thirties. You want a box opening, you come to Robbie Flint.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Your criminal past is behind you. You serve the Reich now.

FLINT:
Got to admit. Mr Hitler's treated me better than any beak in Blighty.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Kindly do not refer to the Fuhrer in such casual terms.

FLINT:
Sorry, Dr Schwartzmann. No disrespect meant.

SCHWARTZMANN:
As I say. Your explosives expertise will be useful in your next mission.

FLINT:
Going on a trip, am I?

SCHWARTZMANN:
I am arranging passage. You remember your parachute training?

FLINT:
Like falling off a log.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Good. But this time, you will not be going alone.

FLINT:
Oh.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(CALLING) Mr van Nyman?

DUTCH ENTERS

FLINT:
Ah, right. The Dutchman.

DUTCH:
Hello Mr Flint. I've heard a lot about you.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Get to know one another. Very soon, you will rely on each other to stay alive.

FLINT:
(SHAKING HANDS) Nice to meet you, Dutch.

SCHWARTZMANN:
We expect to drop you in within the month. Rest. Prepare. I shall send a message when your means of entry is ready.

FLINT:
We'll be waiting. Drop of the old vino, Dutch?

DUTCH:
A good idea, Mr Flint.

FLINT POURS ANOTHER GLASS OF WINE.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Do not let me down. Germany expects.

MUSIC SEGUE: PASSAGE OF TIME.

SCENE 10: EXT. BLETCHLEY

BUSTLING 'CAMPUS' ATMOS B/G. VEHICLES PULLING UP. MARCHING TROOPS IN GROUNDS. WRENS WATCHING, WHISPERING. CONSTANCE OPENS DOORS OF MAIN BUILDING.

CONSTANCE:
(EXITING BUILDING, CALLING) So this where you all are. Come along ladies. Teatime is over.

SYLVIA:
We just wanted to see what the fuss was all about.

CONSTANCE APPROACHES.

CONSTANCE:
There is no 'fuss'. Simply a detachment from Whitehall visiting the Mansion. No need to stand and gawp. I'm sure they can get on without an audience. Off you go now.

SYLVIA:
Yes ma'am. Sorry ma'am.

SYLVIA AND OTHER WRENS MOVE OFF.

HARRIS:
(APPROACHING) Leading Wren Clarke?

CONSTANCE:
Yes, sir!

HARRIS:
Good. I recognise you from your file. Major Harris.

CONSTANCE:
Good afternoon, Major Harris, sir. (WORRIED) My… file?

HARRIS:
See to it the staff carry on as normal. I want to minimise any disruption. The offices are in there?

CONSTANCE:
Yes, sir. I'm afraid Director Travis was called to London.

HARRIS:
I know. I'm carrying out certain tasks on behalf of Military Intelligence in the old man's absence.

CONSTANCE:
Military Intelligence? Is this to do with the new radio mast?

HARRIS:
This has no connection with Mr Churchill's plans. Whatever they may be. The Prime Minister's strategy is underway under the auspice of…?

CONSTANCE:
Colonel Chambers is overseeing the installation.

HARRIS:
You will be informed of your role when the time comes, I'm sure.

CONSTANCE:
Yes sir.

HARRIS:
In the meantime. I am here for a rather different duty. (CHECKS PAPERS) Hut Twelve-A. Your group's been working there? For Smith?

CONSTANCE:
Yes. My girls are on rotation along with Leading Wrens Huxtable, Mason, and Foster's ladies. We're all stationed over at Wavendon House.

HARRIS:
Good. Director Travis has placed rooms in Block G at my disposal. While he's away, I have authority. My men have already started interviews with your people.

CONSTANCE:
Might I ask why-

HARRIS:
You know better than that, Wren Clarke.

CONSTANCE:
Of course, sir. Sorry, sir.

HARRIS:
The senior staff I will question myself. (BEAT) So. That includes you. You're free for half an hour?

CONSTANCE:
Me? Now, sir?

HARRIS:
No time like the present, eh? Follow me.

SCENE 11: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY

SORTING THROUGH MESSAGES.

DOCTOR:
You've done well, Sylvia. Very well indeed.

SYLVIA LOOKS AT PAPERS.

SYLVIA:
Agent Spark has appeared with increased regularity the past few weeks. No more mention of golden eggs though.

DOCTOR:
Any clue we can get. Any clue at all. And I might not be so… stuck.

SYLVIA:
Stuck?

DOCTOR:
Believe it or not, Miss Wimpole. It was not my intention to stay here so long. I never normally do. And I usually avoid displaying too prominent a profile.

SYLVIA:
They say your evening wear was somewhat… colourful when you arrived.

DOCTOR:
It sometimes pays to blend in. This time, however, I've been left with no choice. Left with nothing, except for sifting through these ciphers. (SOTTO) While my poor old Ship's as dead as a dodo, that is…

SYLVIA:
Sir?

DOCTOR:
Don't mind me, Miss Wimpole. Routine engenders melancholy. I'm simply looking for an escape.

SYLVIA:
Escape… from what, sir?

DOCTOR:
From history.

TIPS PAPERS ONTO DESK.

SCENE 12: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, BLOCK G

HARRIS WRITES NOTES THROUGHOUT.

HARRIS:
Nyasaland eh? They've been trying to shake off colonial rule for years.

CONSTANCE:
They didn't give us any trouble. My father was happy there. Until… the end.

HARRIS:
(CHECKING PAPERS) Ah, yes. Tuberculosis – that's what did for him, eh?

CONSTANCE:
It was a difficult time. But we got through it. I was still young. I returned to London when my father passed. Completed my schooling. You know the rest.

HARRIS:
Somerville. Modern languages… et cetera, et cetera. (LOOKS UP) You can relax, Mrs Clarke. No more questions. Four years at Bletchley Park. You've seen a lot, I imagine. I'm sure for you, this will all be routine.

CONSTANCE:
Yes sir. Of course sir. (BEAT) Have I answered everything to your satisfaction?

HARRIS:
All seems to be in order, yes… One more thing. Is the code-name 'Agent Spark' familiar to you?

CONSTANCE:
I'm aware of his activities. (BEAT) Dr Smith has a special interest in him.

HARRIS:
(MAKING A NOTE) I see.

CONSTANCE:
So you're looking for someone with a particular connection?

HARRIS:
Curiosity. That's something noted on your file. Capability too.

CONSTANCE:
Forgive me, but… you're here for a reason, Major Harris. If I can help, I'd like to.

HARRIS:
It's no great secret to tell you that… someone's credentials have been questioned. More than that, I cannot say.

CONSTANCE:
I shan't pry. (BEAT) You are party to lots of information, I imagine.

HARRIS:
Mrs Clarke?

CONSTANCE:
My… husband.

HARRIS:
(CHECKING FILE) Lieutenant Commander Henry Clarke. Naval Intelligence. Posted to special duties last November.

CONSTANCE:
You see, I haven't heard a thing since the start of the year.

HARRIS:
If he's working under cover…

CONSTANCE:
He'd send a note. Something. Just to let me know he's still alive.

HARRIS:
Depending on his circumstances, that might not be possible.

CONSTANCE:
But what if his circumstances are… fatal?

HARRIS:
I'm afraid I can offer you nothing new Mrs Clarke. Not at present.

CONSTANCE:
Thank you sir. I'm sorry sir. I just had to ask.

HARRIS:
I understand. The War requires sacrifices from us all. But we mustn't forget, we're still human.

SCENE 13: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY

DOCTOR SPREADS PAPERS OVER DESK.

DOCTOR:
(TAPPING ON A PAGE) This is it. He's coming here. Tonight!

SYLVIA:
How can you be sure, Dr Smith?

DOCTOR:
Agent Tulip. Henrick Van Nyman. He's known to British intelligence.

SYLVIA:
I see. (CHECKING PAPERS) And these messages place Spark and Tulip… together.

DOCTOR:
They were about to take a holiday. As of… (CHECKS PAPERS) yesterday. They arrive this evening.

SYLVIA:
You think you might send someone to intercept them?

DOCTOR:
Oh, I think we can do better than that. (PUSHING PAPERS ACROSS DESK) Here. Check the map reference.

SYLVIA:
Cambridgeshire. I know it.

DOCTOR:
Fetch Mrs Clarke would you, Sylvia.

SYLVIA:
Sir?

DOCTOR:
I can't have you drive us off to Cambridgeshire without her say-so, can I?

SYLVIA:
Me? Drive you, sir?

DOCTOR:
Your Leading Wren is quite formidable. I'd much rather have her on my side. Chop-chop, Miss Wimpole. See if you can rally a few strapping lads as well.

SYLVIA:
Beg pardon, sir?

DOCTOR:
We just need them to carry my ‘police box’ downstairs. You and I and Wren Clarke will take it along. It contains specialist equipment. (SOTTO) And if there’s the slightest chance of getting any of it working again…

SYLVIA:
I wondered what it is you keep in there.

DOCTOR:
Highly advanced radio receivers, transmitters, decoders. That kind of thing.

SYLVIA:
(EXITING) I’ll round up some boys.

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) Oh yes, my TARDIS is full of technological wonders. But at present, they’re all completely and utterly useless.

SCENE 14: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, BLETCHLEY

HARRIS TALKING ON THE TELEPHONE.

HARRIS:
I think it's quite clear sir. He's offered every excuse to avoid an interview. He could hardly be more blatant.

INDISTINCT BURBLE ON PHONE.

HARRIS:
Dr John Smith. No credentials. His identity evaporates as soon as one examines it too closely.

BURBLE ON PHONE.

HARRIS:
No, I do not need to refer it to the Prime Minister's office. I am quite capable of reaching my own conclusion. And that conclusion is the man's a spy.

BURBLE ON PHONE.

HARRIS:
I don't know how he hoodwinked the authorities to get in here. Swanning around like he owns the place by all accounts. Talked Travis into giving him a room at the Main House. One of Tiltman's old offices. Upstairs. Not only that, but he's seconded one of the huts. Redesignated it Twelve-A.

I shall be recommending a formal review of procedures here. As for how to deal with this Dr Smith. The usual form for a spy. Questioned and shot. If he resists, the questions may have to be foregone.

BURBLE ON PHONE.

HARRIS:
Of course I'll do it discreetly. Minimal presence. No point startling the geese. Expect to hear from me in an hour. Then I'm off to the country. I've that other matter to attend to.

REPLACES PHONE RECEIVER ON CRADLE. GETS UP, LOADS REVOLVER.

HARRIS:
(CALLING) Captain Walters! With me.

SCENE 15: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY

DOCTOR BUILDING RADIO RECEIVER DEVICE. CONSTANCE KNOCKS AND ENTERS.

CONSTANCE:
You sent for me, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Mrs Clarke. I need a vehicle.

CONSTANCE:
So I've been told. If you fill out the usual requisition forms…

DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) There's no time for that!

CONSTANCE:
We must follow procedure.

DOCTOR:
Procedure be blowed! I have made a breakthrough and speed is of the essence.

CONSTANCE:
Sir, I-

DOCTOR:
I have located agents with knowledge that may be key to the security of the world.

CONSTANCE:
The world? You mean the country, surely?

DOCTOR:
I know what I mean. Sometimes, we need to bypass official procedures. If there's an urgency. If we can save lives. SO please, Mrs Clarke – the truck?

CONSTANCE GOES TO DOOR AND OPENS IT.

CONSTANCE:
(STOPPING) One thing, sir. Is Agent Spark involved?

DOCTOR:
Agent Spark is more vital than any of you realise. And if we're to have any hope of catching up with him, we need to leave now. I'll bring the maps and this… device when I've finished building it. I'll meet you at the gate in five minutes.

CONSTANCE:
Yes sir! (EXITS, CLOSING DOOR)

SCENE 16: EXT. OUTSIDE BLETCHLEY MANSION

HARRIS AND TWO SOLDIERS WALKING UP TO MANSION.

HARRIS:
This shouldn't be too difficult. He's got his feet squarely under the table. Complacent. Unwary. (STOPPING) Are you ready to catch a spy, Captain?

CAPTAIN:
Yes, sir!

CUT TO:

SCENE 17: EXT. GARAGES, BLETCHLEY

TRUCK PULLS OUT OF GARAGE.

CONSTANCE:
(APPROACHING, CALLING) Wren Wimpole! You have the police box?

TRUCK STOPS, ENGINE IDLING.

SYLVIA:
(CALLING FROM CAB) Loaded up and ready to go. Where's Dr Smith?

CONSTANCE OPENS PASSENGER DOOR.

CONSTANCE:
(CLIMBING IN) He's joining us at the gate. (CLOSING DOOR) Shall we?

TRUCK PULLS AWAY.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE 18: INT. ENTRANCE HALL, BLETCHLEY MANSION

HARRIS AND SOLDIERS ENTER FOYER.

HARRIS:
You know which is his office?

CAPTAIN:
Up the stairs, sir!

HARRIS LEADS SOLDIERS UP THE STAIRS ONTO LANDING.

HARRIS:
Men like him avoid the front. They haven't seen what I've seen, Captain.

CAPTAIN:
This is the one, sir.

THEY ALL STOP. HARRIS HAMMERS ON DOOR.

HARRIS:
(CALLING) Open up, Dr Smith. The game's up.

DOCTOR:
(MUFFLED) One moment please!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 19: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY (CONTINUOUS)

HAMMERING ON DOOR.

DOCTOR:
(TO HIMSELF) Ah. The persistent Major Harris. I was hoping to be away before any awkward questions arose.

HARRIS:
(OUTSIDE) Let me in, Smith!

DOCTOR:
(CALLING) Just a moment. I'm on a particularly tricky section of the crossword!

HARRIS TRIES HANDLE. IT'S LOCKED.

HARRIS:
(OUTSIDE) Unlock this door!

DOCTOR:
Oh, is it locked? Sorry! I've mislaid my key… (TO SELF) Think, Doctor, think!

HARRIS:
(OUTSIDE) Open up! This is your last chance.

HARRIS BANGS ON DOOR.

DOCTOR:
It's not even as if I can retreat to the TARDIS now it's outside on that truck.

DOCTOR OPENS WINDOW. TRUCK IDLING, OFF.

DOCTOR:
Speaking of which… Ah.

HARRIS:
(OUTSIDE) I'm coming in. Break it down boys.

HARRIS AND MEN STARTS BATTERING THE DOOR — CONTINUES THROUGH. DOCTOR PUSHES WINDOW FULLY OPEN AND STARTS CLIMBING OUT.

DOCTOR:
(CALLING) I believe I have the solution. Fourteen letters. Starts with a D. 'Involuntary exit through the window'.

INSIDE, THE DOOR STARTS TO GIVE WAY UNDER REPEATED BATTERING. DOCTOR CLAMBERS ALONG GUTTERING.

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING) Sometimes, I make the most undignified exits…

CROSS TO:

SCENE 20: INT. TRUCK AT BLETCHLEY PARK GATE

TRUCK IDLING.

CONSTANCE:
Where is Dr Smith? He was the one who wanted to leave in a hurry…

SYLVIA BEEPS HORN.

SYLVIA:
He still does ma'am. Look! In the mirror!

DOCTOR RUNNING UP.

CONSTANCE:
Well, I've never seen a boffin with such a turn of speed.

DOCTOR CLAMBERS INTO BACK OF TRUCK.

DOCTOR:
(BREATHLESS) What are you waiting for? Wren Wimpole, drive!

TRUCK PULLS AWAY.

SCENE 21: EXT. OUTSIDE BLETCHLEY MANSION

HARRIS AND SOLDIERS RUN OUT FROM MANSION

HARRIS:
He got away?

CAPTAIN:
Yes sir. Sorry sir.

HARRIS:
He simply drove off through the back gate while we were knocking at his door?

CAPTAIN:
It looks that way, sir. Wren Clarke was with him. She cleared it with the sentry.

HARRIS:
Under duress, no doubt. The scoundrel. Well, does anyone know where he's going?

CAPTAIN:
Sorry sir, we think the only people who have any idea… well, he's taken them with him!

CUT TO:

SCENE 22: INT. LORRY

ARMY LORRY, BUMPY DRIVING B/G

SYLVIA:
We're miles from anywhere. Where are we going?

DOCTOR:
Eyes on the road, Miss Wimpole. Constance? Anything from that device of mine?

CONSTANCE:
Nothing yet. What's it supposed to do?

DOCTOR:
You'll know when it does it.

SYLVIA:
It'll be dark soon. We shouldn't be out on the road during Blackout.

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid the agents of the German Abwehr don't keep office hours. Needs must. Mrs Clarke, hand me that torch. I need to check where we are on the map…

CONSTANCE:
I already did, Doctor. We'll be at that reference very soon.

SCENE 23: EXT. FACTORY FENCE

RATTLING OF FENCE AS FLINT SETS EXPLOSIVE CHARGES.

DUTCH:
(JUST OFF, LOW) Is this the best place to put them?

FLINT:
Leave it to me, Dutch. I'm the expert at explosives. You're the expert at… what is it? Making cheese?

DUTCH:
I'll be glad when we are finished working together Mr Flint. Your humour is sometimes abrasive.

FLINT:
When we're done here, I've got to go see a man about a dog. You clear the camp.

DUTCH:
You want to see a dog?

FLINT:
It's an expression. Half an hour.

DUTCH:
Half an hour where though?

FLINT:
It's a big dog. If I didn't know better, I'd think you'd been sent along to nursemaid me. You wouldn't be doing that would you? Spying on a spy?

DUTCH:
Get on with your job, English. Once the factory blows up, I will report back and everyone will be happy. You, me, Dr Schwartzmann and Herr Hitler.

SCENE 24: EXT. FIELD

RAIN ONGOING. ARMY LORRY PULLS UP AND THE DOCTOR, CONSTANCE AND SYLVIA JUMP DOWN INTO MUD. DOCTOR'S RADIO RECEIVER WHISTLES AND CLICKS.

SYLVIA:
Does that sound mean we're tracking something?

DOCTOR:
Indeed it does. This way I think.

THEY START WALKING THROUGH MUD.

CONSTANCE:
According to the maps, the factory buildings are over in that direction. I think I can make them out. (WALKING OFF) But what's this…

DOCTOR:
(WITH EFFORT IN MUD) Sorry about this, ladies. I hope you're wearing sturdy boots.

SYLVIA:
(WITH EFFORT, GETTING STUCK IN MUD) A Wren is always prepared, sir.

CONSTANCE:
(A LITTLE FURTHER OFF) Shine the light over here, Wren Wimpole.

THEY STOP, POKING A PILE OF STICKS AND EMBERS.

CONSTANCE:
It looks like the remains of a fire.

DOCTOR:
Well-spotted. A camp. A very makeshift camp. We're close.

CONSTANCE:
Lucky for us the rain's been bucketing down quite some time.

DOCTOR:
You've an unusual opinion on what constitutes good fortune, Mrs Clarke.

SYLVIA:
I'm soaked to the skin already!

CONSTANCE:
Look. Down there. What else do you see?

SYLVIA:
Footprints!

DOCTOR:
Very good. Sylvia? See if you can turn up anything here in the camp. But be careful.

SYLVIA:
Ma'am?

CONSTANCE:
That's all right, Wren Wimpole. The Doctor and I won't be far away.

DOCTOR:
No. You see the fence over there? The engine factory? I think I spy something that shouldn't be there.

CONSTANCE:
How can you see anything at this distance?

DOCTOR:
I have very keen eyes. Come on.

DOCTOR TRAMPS OFF THROUGH FIELD

CONSTANCE:
Remember what the Doctor said, Sylvia. Be careful. Wait at our vehicle if you like.

SYLVIA:
No, ma'am. I will take a look around.

CONSTANCE FOLLOWS DOCTOR. SYLVIA STARTS LOOKING THROUGH DISTURBED GROUND, MOVING STICKS AND STONES.

SYLVIA:
(NERVOUS HUMMING, 'PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES')

CROSS TO:

SCENE 25: EXT. FIELD, A LITTLE WAY OFF (CONTINUOUS)

DUTCH'S POV AS HE CREEPS THROUGH WOODLAND. DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE WALKING, OFF. RAIN STOPPING.

DOCTOR:
(OFF IN DISTANCE) This way!

CONSTANCE:
(OFF IN DISTANCE) No. The entrance is this way!

DUTCH:
(SOTTO) Hope you're as good as you think you are, Flint. Your fellow Britishers are quick on your tail.

DUTCH CREEPS TOWARDS SYLVIA.

SYLVIA:
(HUMMING, 'PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES', OFF)

DUTCH:
(SOTTO) But this one is alone…

DUTCH CREEPS ON.

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 26: EXT. FIELD

SYLVIA SEARCHING.

SYLVIA:
(STOPS HUMMING)

SHE UNCOVERS A KNAPSACK BURIED IN GROUND.

SYLVIA:
Hello. A knapsack!

SHE PULLS IT FROM MUD, UNFASTENS AND OPENS IT.

SYLVIA:
Hmm. What's in here?

SYLVIA PULLS OUT CODEBOOK AND FLIPS PAGES.

SYLVIA:
But these are… codebooks. Cipher settings… German ciphers!

SHORT CRACKLE OF RADIO STATIC. SYLVIA DIGS INTO BOTTOM OF KNAPSACK.

SYLVIA:
What's that right at the bottom…?

SHE TAKES OUT A COMMUNICATION POD: A LOW HUMMING B/G

SYLVIA:
The golden egg!

DUTCH SQUELCHES IN MUD.

SYLVIA:
(QUIET) Who's there? Is someone there?

DUTCH COCKS PISTOL.

DUTCH:
Don't move young woman.

DUTCH STEPS FORWARD IN MUD.

DUTCH:
And put that down. Mr Flint won't like you playing with his toys. (ASIDE) Whatever that thing is.

SYLVIA:
Who are you? What are you doing here?

BUZZ OF RADIO WAVES FROM POD, STRANGE ALIEN TRANSPONDER BEEPS.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, VERY FAINT, LIKE A DISTANT RADIO TRANSMISSION FADING IN AND OUT) Seven. Six. Four.

DUTCH:
What?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Nine. Nine. Seven. Six. Four.

FIZZING OF STATIC. MORSE DOTS AND DASHES MIXED IN WITH BEEPS AND NUMBERS ONGOING UNDER FOLLOWING.

DUTCH:
What did you say?

WAVEFORM:
(FX, REPEATING UNDER FOLLOWING) Nine. Nine. Seven. Six. Four. Zero. Zero. Two.

FIZZING GETS LOUDER AND BUILDS TO A BURNING HISS.

SYLVIA:
Do you hear it too? The numbers…

DUTCH:
(CRIES OUT) Where's it coming from? It's too much… Too much!

WAVEFORM:
(FX, RADIO SIGNAL GETTING CLEARER) Interface. Interface. Receiver identified. Transmit.

A HUGE ZAP OF ENERGY.

DUTCH:
(CRIES IN AGONY)

DUTCH FALLS DEAD TO GROUND.

SYLVIA:
Oh my word! Lightning!

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Receiver incompatible… Interface. (CONTINUING UNDER FOLLOWING) Nine. Nine. Seven. Six.

SYLVIA:
Please… no, stop…

WAVEFORM:

(FX) Receiver identified… Transmit! (REPEATING UNDER FOLLOWING) Four. Zero. Zero. Two. Seven. Nine. Nine. Seven. Six

SYLVIA:
The numbers… wait. I see. I see a pattern… (CRIES OUT) Stop. Please… stop! My head!

ANOTHER ZAP.

CUT TO:

SCENE 27: EXT. FACTORY FENCE (CONTINUOUS)

THE DOCTOR RATTLES RATTLING FENCES. SYLVIA'S CRY HEARD IN DISTANCE.

SYLVIA:
(CRIES OUT, LONG WAY OFF)

CONSTANCE:
I definitely heard a cry. A woman this time. It sounded like Sylvia!

DOCTOR:
Yes. But I'm afraid we've a more pressing concern.

CONSTANCE:
More pressing than one of my Wrens in distress? No. I need to go to her.

DOCTOR:
Don't move, Constance!

CONSTANCE:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Point the torch at your feet. Do you see? A wire. The question is… is it a trigger, or…

CONSTANCE:
I see it. There. And are they… boxes? At intervals of several yards all along the fence. (BEAT) Explosives?

DOCTOR:
I fear so. Buried just out of sight at the foot of each fencepost. It seems we've stumbled across the saboteur's handiwork.

CONSTANCE:
And this wire? Can you see where it leads?

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS WIRE OFF ALONG FENCE. HE SCRABBLES AMONG LEAVES.

DOCTOR:
(CALLING, JUST OFF) Yes… to something crudely concealed beneath a pile of leaves.

CONSTANCE:
(APPROACHING) Do you need a torch?

DOCTOR CROUCHES, UNCOVERING ALARM CLOCK BURIED IN GROUND.

AUDIBLE TICKING THROUGH FOLLOWING.

DOCTOR:
I have some good news and some bad news, Mrs Clarke.

CONSTANCE:
(STOPPING) Really?

DOCTOR:
Those explosives all seem to be wired up to a timing device. And I've just found it.

CONSTANCE:
And the good news?

DOCTOR:
That was the good news. The bad news is. It's about to go off.

CONSTANCE:
Doctor?

DOCTOR PULLS OUT WIRECUTTERS AND SNIPS THE AIR.

DOCTOR:
Blue wire or red, which do you prefer?

CONSTANCE:
I hardly think I'm qualified to-

DOCTOR:
There are seconds left! I'm not about to set an exam!

CONSTANCE:
Red!

DOCTOR:
Just what I was thinking.

SNIPS WIRE.

CONSTANCE:
And…?

TICKING CONTINUES.

DOCTOR:
(HASTILY GETTING UP) We were both wrong.

CONSTANCE:
Oh no…

DOCTOR:
(DRAGGING HER OFF) Constance, run!

TICKING STOPS, ALARM RINGS.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

DOCTOR PULLS OUT WIRECUTTERS AND SNIPS THE AIR.

DOCTOR:
Blue wire or red, which do you prefer?

CONSTANCE:
I hardly think I'm qualified to-

DOCTOR:
There are seconds left! I'm not about to set an exam!

CONSTANCE:
Red!

DOCTOR:
Just what I was thinking.

SNIPS WIRE.

CONSTANCE:
And…?

TICKING CONTINUES.

DOCTOR:
(HASTILY GETTING UP) We were both wrong.

CONSTANCE:
Oh no…

DOCTOR:
(DRAGGING HER OFF) Constance, run!

TICKING STOPS, ALARM RINGS.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 28: EXT. FACTORY FENCE

DOCTOR:
Get down!

DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE DIVE TO GROUND. THEY WAIT. THE RINGING ALARM CLOCK BELL SLOWS DOWN, THEN STOPS.

CONSTANCE:
Doctor… We haven't been blown to smithereens.

DOCTOR:
(GETTING UP) It appears not. But I will need a change of clothes.

CONSTANCE:
(GETTING UP) What about the bomb?

DOCTOR:
(WALKING OVER TO BOX) Let me check something.

CONSTANCE:
Doctor. Is it wise to pick up boxes of dynamite and shake them? They may still be- (GASPS)

DOCTOR RATTLES EMPTY BOXES TOGETHER

DOCTOR:
No. A slight correction to your assumption. These are not boxes of dynamite. They are dynamite boxes — which are empty.

CONSTANCE:
But that means… All of this… Why would anyone go to the trouble of setting an alarm clock on a factory fence?

DOCTOR:
Why indeed?

SCENE 29: INT. HANGAR

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS AND SCRAPE AS FLINT PULLS UP A CHAIR.

FLINT:
(WHISTLES 'RULE BRITANNIA')

FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE. HARRIS ENTERS AND HANGAR DOOR CLANGS CLOSED.

HARRIS:
Ah, Mr Flint. You've not been waiting long, I hope. I apologise for the slight delay – I'd some other business to take care of.

FLINT:
No trouble to me, Major Harris. Good to be on my own for a bit. Rid of my babysitter.

HARRIS:
You weren't expecting an accomplice on your mission?

FLINT:
No. The Dutchman was a complication. I made sure he saw me set the fuses, the timer. I just didn't let on that they wasn't wired into anything.

HARRIS:
Well done. My men will be here soon. We'll tidy things up. Set off a small detonation. Then tomorrow, we'll run the story. Let the Germans believe our engine production has been compromised.

FLINT:
Just like Mr Hitler wanted.

HARRIS:
And while they believe that, they'll be happy to take you back again.

FLINT:
Happy that I've done my bit for the Fuhrer's cause.

HARRIS:
Indeed. That way, German Intelligence remain in blissful ignorance about their precious Agent Spark.

FLINT:
That's right. Agent Spark don't even work for them. (CHUCKLES) There's no such fella. Agent Criss-Cross reporting for duty, sir.

SCENE 30: EXT. FIELD

DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE HURRY TO SYLVIA.

DOCTOR:
There she is!

CONSTANCE:
Next to this poor fellow. A gun. But civilian clothes. That says spy to me. Agent Spark?

DOCTOR:
Or Agent Tulip. (HE CHECKS DUTCH'S BODY)

CONSTANCE:
(CHECKING SYLVIA) Wren Wimpole? Sylvia?

DOCTOR:
Whoever he was, he's dead. Let me examine Miss Wimpole.

CONSTANCE:
I am already doing it Doctor! She's breathing. Her pulse is regular.

SYLVIA:
(MOANS)

DOCTOR:
She's alive. Thank goodness.

THE DOCTOR'S RADIO RECEIVER WHISTLES AND CLICKS.

CONSTANCE:
Your machine. It's making a noise.

DOCTOR:
Yes… Whatever it was that killed this man… it appears to have flooded his brain with signals.

CONSTANCE:
Signals?

DOCTOR:
Electromagnetic signals. He was killed by radio waves.

SCENE 31: INT. HANGAR

HARRIS PACES THOUGHOUT.

HARRIS:
We'll get you to Camp Oh-Two-Oh for proper debriefing. Then arrange transportation back to Europe.

FLINT:
Back to my home from home. I'll say this for them Nazis, they've got a better wine cellar than your shower.

HARRIS:
We'll let van Nyman get away. He'll corroborate your mission's success.

FLINT:
Ah. Might be a problem with that. The Dutchman's dead.

HARRIS:
What? You killed him?

FLINT:
Whoah whoah whoah. Not me sir. There was some dolly-bird spark out beside him too. Must've been your lot. Trying to get their hands on my goodies.

HARRIS:
My lot?

FLINT:
Wrens. Saw another one sniffing around the fence with some bloke. I thought they were all with you.

HARRIS:
No. My men will pick them up, whoever they are. They'll be reporting in any moment. (BEAT) I wonder…

FLINT:
Sit down Mr Harris. You make me nervous pacing around like that.

HARRIS:
(STOPPING) I like to keep moving. It helps the circulation. Oxygen to the brain. You worry me, Flint. You take too many risks.

FLINT:
That's what the copper said who took me in after the Bermondsey bank job.

HARRIS:
Well that's probably why you kept getting caught.

FLINT:
You know what he said? The last beak that sent me down in England? (IMITATING JUDGE) 'You're a petty criminal Mr Flint. From a line of petty criminals. I expect to be sentencing you, and the rest of your family for the rest of my career.' If he could see me now, eh?

HARRIS:
So you moved to Paris.

FLINT:
And then the gendarmes had it in for me too.

HARRIS:
If you insist on raiding their jewellery stores… Lucky for us, that your allegiances are so fluid.

FLINT:
They believe me. You believe me. Only I know the truth. Any word on my cousins? You keeping them out of trouble?

HARRIS:
For the most part. You know that was the deal.

FLINT:
That little toe-rag Billy will be the death of his ma.

RAPPING AT HANGAR DOOR.

HARRIS:
Ah. My men.

HARRIS GOES TO OPEN HANGAR DOOR

FLINT:
Soldier boys. They make me nervous most of all. Fellas willing to give up control of their lives to someone with more stripes on their arm? Makes no sort of sense to me.

HARRIS:
Captain?

CAPTAIN:
Sir! There's someone at the factory.

FLINT:
Told you. Lucky I went and fetched this first. (HEFTS HIS KNAPSACK ONTO HIS LAP)

HARRIS:
Watch them. (MUSING) They may be civilians. (DECIDES) No… I'll need to question them. Stay under cover. Ready for a pinch. Inform me when you're in position.

CAPTAIN:
Yes sir! (MARCHES OFF OUTSIDE)

HARRIS:
What is it you've got in that knapsack, Flint?

FLINT:
(OPENING KNAPSACK) A little souvenir. Something the Germans were very interested in.

LOW DORMANT STATIC HUM OF COMMUNICATION POD.

HARRIS:
What is it? It looks like one of those Faberge eggs. More stolen treasures destined for the Fuhrer? He won't be pleased you've got your grubby hands on it.

FLINT:
Nah. This came from somewhere else. They keep finding 'em floating off the Brittany coast. Think it might be some kind of radio technology. I nicked it off my German C.O.

HARRIS:
You did what? See what I mean Flint? Risks! I hope they don't know it's gone missing.

SCENE 32: EXT. ROAD, BRITTANY COAST

GERMAN ARMY MOTORCADE – LORRY AND BIKES DRIVE UP AND STOP NEAR A JETTY. SEAGULLS AND SEA CLOSE BY.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Kapitan!

UNGER:
Sir!

SOLDIERS START UNLOADING EQUIPMENT FROM TRUCK.

SCHWARTZMANN:
You are prepared to load my cargo on board?

UNGER:
The boat is ready, Dr Schwartzmann.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(CALLING) Be careful with that radio equipment!

UNGER:
You there. Assist Dr Schwartzmann's men!

SEAMEN GO TO HELP CARRY EQUIPMENT ALONG JETTY.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(HANDING OVER ORDERS) These are the co-ordinates. We will descend to a depth of three hundred feet.

UNGER:
Yes sir. And then?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Then we wait. And proceed as I command. I hope there will be no problem with my orders, Captain Unger. (BEAT, CALLING) Private Schulte! I'd like to look over my… special items. Have them brought to me before we board.

UNGER:
There will be no problem, sir. You keep a tight grip.

SCHWARTZMANN:
I have the ear of the highest in the Reich. Tell me when we are ready to depart. (WALKING OFF) I have a matter of discipline to deal with.

SCENE 33: INT. HANGAR

HUMMING RADIO B/G AS THEY EXAMINE THE COMMUNICATION POD

FLINT:
What do you reckon? The girl had a hold of it, but she was out for the count like Dutch. (HANDS POD TO HARRIS)

HARRIS:
(HANDLING POD) Not quite like Dutch. It has offensive capabilities, then?

FLINT:
Dunno. I've not seen it do that before.

HARRIS:
Some new secret weapon? A new Enigma machine?

FLINT:
That's what I reckon. Listen close. And you can hear it talking.

FAINT HISS OF WAVEFORM. DOTS AND DASHES.

HARRIS:
We'll get this back to HQ. Let the boffins take a look.

CAPTAIN RUNS UP FROM OUTSIDE

CAPTAIN:
The men are in position, sir. Targets are surrounded. Positively identified as Dr Smith. Plus two women. A vehicle, and a body.

FLINT:
Poor old Dutch.

HARRIS:
If he's dead, then we should return you as soon as we can. To avoid the finger of suspicion.

FLINT:
I can handle it.

HARRIS:
I'm sure you can. (TO SOLDIER) Captain, you're ready to move in?

CAPTAIN:
Yes sir.

HARRIS:
Then give the command. Come along, Mr Flint. This Dr Smith has evaded me once today. He won't be so lucky again.

THEY EXIT.

SCENE 34: EXT. FIELD

DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE CARRYING SYLVIA TOWARD TRUCK.

CONSTANCE:
I'm not happy about this at all, Doctor. Miss Wimpole could be severely injured.

DOCTOR:
No, she's simply unconscious. But I would like to get her into my TARDIS-(STOPS) … my blue box. Nothing much is working, but I might be able to identify whatever caused her collapse.

SYLVIA:
(MOANS)

CONSTANCE:
Your… TARDIS? What kind of name is that for a… a… (CAN'T FIND THE WORDS) Well, it's not even a hut!

DOCTOR:
Trust me. Please, Mrs Clarke. We've come this far?

UNLOCKS TARDIS.

CONSTANCE:
Yes. And look where it's got young Sylvia.

HARRIS:
(OFF) Halt! You are surrounded!

SOLDIERS BREAK COVER FROM TREES AROUND THEM.

DOCTOR:
Oh no.

HARRIS:
(OFF) Hold your fire, men. You'll hit the women. (WALKING FORWARD) Release your hostages, Smith, and we can talk.

DOCTOR:
Hostages?

CONSTANCE:
Myself and Wren Wimpole, I presume.

HARRIS:
Drop your weapons, Smith!

DOCTOR:
I'm unarmed! I always am.

HARRIS:
Drop what is in your hand!

DOCTOR DROPS HIS RADIO SCANNER.

DOCTOR:
It’s a radio receiver. Nothing more deadly than that.

HARRIS:
So you can stay in touch with your German spymasters?

DOCTOR:
(SIGH) Do we have to do this now, Major Harris?

HARRIS AND HIS SOLDIERS COME CLOSER TO FRISK THE DOCTOR.

HARRIS:
You men. Stretcher Miss Wimpole back to the truck.

SOLDIERS TEND TO SYLVIA AND CARRY HER AWAY.

DOCTOR:
Be careful! We don’t know what happened to her!

HARRIS:
She’s in my care now. Step away from your blue box. That’s it. Search him.

FLINT APPROACHES TARDIS

FLINT:
What is this? A police box, all the way out here? (PUSHES TARDIS DOOR OPEN)

TARDIS INTERIOR HUM, JUST OFF.

DOCTOR:
I can assure you, Major. I am no threat to these women and no threat to you.

HARRIS:
How am I supposed to prove the veracity of anything you say? Everything’s been a pack of lies so far.

DOCTOR:
There is one way…

FLINT:
(OFF, HEAD IN TARDIS) Blimey. Major Harris. You might want to take a butchers in here.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 35: INT. TARDIS (CONTINUOUS)

HARRIS, FLINT, DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE ENTER. B/G HUM IS LOW AND INTERMITTENT AS TARDIS IS CRIPPLED.

HARRIS:
Good lord. I damn well hope you're on our side.

DOCTOR:
I prefer to think I'm on the side of humanity. In every sense.

FLINT:
Could do with one of these back home. No need to bury the loot in the garden…

CONSTANCE:
(AT DOORWAY) Oh my. Oh my word. You had this inside your office at Bletchley…? But… but you could fit the whole of that office in here.

DOCTOR:
And more besides. You're barely scratching the surface, Mrs Clarke. Do come in.

CONSTANCE STEPS INSIDE.

CONSTANCE:
(AWESTRUCK) Thank you. Thank you, Dr Smith.

HARRIS:
I must admit. If you've had this thing stashed away all this time, you could have done a lot worse than pass a few papers to the Russians.

FLINT:
Tell you what, sir. As far as Jerry's concerned, they're in the dark about Bletchley. No idea what goes on in there. Nor have I for that matter. Whoever this Dr Smith's working for, I don't think it's them.

DOCTOR:
Thank you, I think. Mr… Flint, was it? (PENNY DROPS) Ah, I see. Agent Spark!

CONSTANCE:
This man is Spark? The German spy?

HARRIS:
(SIGH) Let's not shout it from the rooftops. If your Bletchley credentials really are authentic, then you'll have signed the Official Secrets Act.

DOCTOR:
Several times. I can promise you, Major Harris. I've been as discreet as I possibly could. All I've ever wanted is to depart with the minimum fuss. Now. The device if you please, Mr Flint?

FLINT:
You what?

HARRIS:
Go on. That Faberge egg of yours. See what Dr Smith can make of it. I've certainly got nothing like this set up back at Whitehall.

DOCTOR:
(OPENING ROUNDEL PANELS AND SEARCHING) Well, at the moment, I don't have that much more to offer.

CONSTANCE:
This ship… It's a marvel.

DOCTOR:
Normally I'd agree. But today, well, I can probably pick up the Home service, but that's about all. Odd, but the last thing she did before she gave up the ghost, was pick up a low frequency radio signal…

FLINT:
You think you can tune into this?

POD STARTS EMITTING RADIO STATIC AS BEFORE.

DOCTOR:
If it's radio-emitting, perhaps. Now where was it… Let me see. Ah-ha! (TAKES CROWBAR AND CROSSES TO CONSOLE)

STATIC INCREASES, ALIEN TRANSPONDER BEEPING FAINTLY.

FLINT:
Here. It seems to want to say hello. (HOLDS OUT POD TO DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:
(CROUCHES UNDER CONSOLE) Hold on to it for now, Mr Flint. Now if I can just get this panel off… (STARTS CROWBARRING AT TARDIS PANEL COVER)

CONSTANCE:
(CROUCHING) Here. Let me help.

DOCTOR:
(PULLING AT CONSOLE BASE PANEL) Wren Clarke. You seem to have recovered your composure. What do you make of my ship?

CONSTANCE:
(HELPING TO PULL PANEL OFF) I've seen some things in my time at Station X. But this. (EFFORT) I'll never cease to be amazed at what Britain can achieve with an ounce of gumption and a modicum of application.

DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE WRENCH OFF CONSOLE BASE PANEL.

SCENE 36: EXT. BRITANNY COAST ROAD, NEAR JETTY

SEA AND GULLS, OFF. SOLDIERS MARCH UP. HALT.

UNGER:
(CALLING, OFF) Dr Schwartzmann? We are ready to go.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(CALLING) I need to deal with this matter Kapitan. It will not take long. (WALKS OVER TO THREE SOLDIERS) Now, when I began this journey in Berlin, five days ago, I had a certain number of items in my possession. Golden eggs. That number is now one less.

HE STOPS.

SCHWARTZMANN:
My deductions have narrowed the culprit down to one of you three men. You have been searched to no avail. You have passed it on to an accomplice. Yet you all deny involvement. (BEAT) You, Ensign. As the senior officer, you have allowed my property to be stolen. Whether this is due to complicity or stupidity, I cannot afford either on my staff.

SHWARTZMANN TAKES OUT HIS PISTOL AND COCKS IT.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Have the others shot. Or I'll do it myself. (BEAT)

Nothing to say? You do it willingly, or you do it reluctantly. Would you prefer the men looked on you with fear or with pity? I am offering you an opportunity here. (CLOSE) You do not wish to take it. Very well.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 37: EXT. SUBMARINE DECK, BY JETTY (CONTINUOUS)

WAVES LAP AT SUBMARINE.

LIEUTENANT:
Are we leaving Captain?

UNGER:
We are just waiting for Dr Schwartzmann.

THREE SHOTS, OFF.

LIEUTENANT:
Sir, we have barely enough to man the ship.

SCHWARTZMANN APPROACHES FROM OFF

UNGER:
Those were his orders. Minimal crew. Get below, Lieutenant.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(ARRIVING ON JETTY) Captain Unger. I believe I have everything I require.

UNGER:
Your escort?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Will not be joining us.

SCHWARTZMAN CLIMBS ONTO DECK.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Shall we depart?

SCENE 38: INT. TARDIS

COMMUNICATION POD'S RADIO STATIC AND LOW PULSING AS B/G. DOCTOR USES CONTROLS, WITH NO RESPONSE — SOUNDS OF PULLING LEVERS, PRESSING SWITCHES, BUT NO BEEPS.

DOCTOR:
It works. That signal. With your little souvenir wired into the TARDIS, she's got some small part of her vision back.

HARRIS:
Her vision?

DOCTOR:
This ship — my ship — has been disabled ever since I arrived on your planet.

CONSTANCE:
Our… planet?

DOCTOR:
Yes. The TARDIS was a tractor stuck in the mud. A fly trapped in amber. Completely and utterly disabled. Every system, every readout. It took me several hours just to get the door open.

FLINT:
I've had days like that.

DOCTOR:
That final, VLF signal was a clue. A string of nonsense. Numbers and letters.

CONSTANCE:
Like a code?

DOCTOR:
Indeed. The TARDIS was telling me something had scrambled her systems. Something in the ether. A radio signal. A code. So, where better to track coded signals than at Bletchley? Thousands of messages every day, all indexed, punched, cross-referenced and filed.

HARRIS:
How on Earth did you get in? All the security measures… the checks and protocols.

DOCTOR:
I have my methods. And friends in high places, though I'd rather not bother them at this crucial time.

HARRIS:
Is that so?

DOCTOR:
I proved my worth by lending a hand, Major. Mr Tutte and Dr Newman had done all the hard work. They simply needed another pair of hands. So I pointed them towards Mr Flowers at the GPO.

HARRIS:
Good Lord…

DOCTOR:
Anyway, once I, and my TARDIS, were installed, I could start trying to triangulate the source of the interference.

CONSTANCE:
That's what Hut Twelve A has been doing?

DOCTOR:
For the past few weeks, I've kept an eye on all the correspondence. Interference in the signals. An electromagnetic signature. It seemed to crop up wherever these 'golden eggs' were mentioned.

CONSTANCE:
And Agent Spark?

DOCTOR:
It became obvious that Agent Spark's movements corresponded to those of the eggs.

FLINT:
You have been a nosey parker. And there was me thinking I was being careful.

DOCTOR:
I decided we needed to meet. You see, my theory is that these 'golden eggs' are actually reconnaissance beacons.

FLINT:
They do make all kinds of strange noises, that's for sure.

HARRIS:
Reconnaissance on whose behalf?

DOCTOR:
I believe there is an alien ship under the sea off the Brittany coast. And by alien I mean extra-terrestrial. A space-ship.

FLINT:
Aliens? You're having a laugh! Little green men?

DOCTOR:
Oh, you've a lot to learn… Earth's nearest neighbours, while green, are far from diminutive in stature. Neither am I, for that matter.

CONSTANCE:
Wait… Are you telling us… you're an alien, Dr Smith?

HARRIS:
That's preposterous.

DOCTOR:
Might I remind you where you are standing? Mrs Clarke, you might assume this ship was riveted together in Sunderland, but I can assure you — the TARDIS and I hail from even further afield.

FLINT:
What, Gateshead?

DOCTOR:
No, Mr Flint. Outer space.

HARRIS:
And you're now saying that you've tracked the source of these beacons to another ship from outer space… and this thing can take us there?

DOCTOR:
Yes.

HARRIS:
Then I need to get some men.

DOCTOR:
No, Major. The fewer soldiers with guns the better.

HARRIS:
I insist. Mr Flint, wait here. I'll fetch a squad.

DOCTOR:
No. I will not be a troop carrier.

HARRIS:
(GOING TO DOOR) Then it's an information-gathering mission. (EXITING) With security.

HARRIS EXITS, DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

FLINT:
Hold up. Don't press anything else. Stay right there. (DRAWS GUN)

CONSTANCE:
Mr Flint? There's no need for the gun.

FLINT:
The Major might have swallowed all that flimflam. But I like to be on the safe side. Till I know for sure.

DOCTOR:
(ITCHING TO GO) I can't waste time. My ship's beached, but there's the chance of a tide. The power in your golden egg isn't limitless. I might not get the opportunity again.

FLINT:
You heard. Stay right there by your table and lightshade. You're going nowhere near any cockpit, steering tower, or wherever else you use to drive this thing. You too Mrs. Keep away from that other door.

DOCTOR:
Certainly. I don't need to be anywhere else. (PRESSES DEMATERIALISATION CONTROL)

FLINT:
What the 'ell? We're moving!

SHAKY DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS, FUSED WITH THE FIZZING OF THE EGG.

CONSTANCE:
Don't shoot, Mr Flint! If we are going somewhere, then the Doctor's the only one who can get us back!

SHAKING NOISY ROOM.

DOCTOR:
(OVER NOISE) Impeccable logic, Constance. Now hold on to something! I should warn you — this isn't the TARDIS at her best!

SCENE 39: EXT. FIELD

HARRIS LEADS SOLDIERS MARCHING UP.

HARRIS:
So keep an eye on this Doctor. I have him down as a possible alien interloper. But he seems to be on our side for now.

TARDIS UNSTABLE DEMATERIALISATION

HARRIS:
Halt! What on Earth…?

DEMATERIALISATION COMPLETES.

HARRIS:
Great Scott. So that's how it moves. What the P.M. wouldn't give for one of those contraptions…

SCENE 40: INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL DECK

PING OF SUBMARINE SONAR ONGOING

UNGER:
We are closing in. Object sighted… five hundred yards ahead.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Good. Good. This could be the break-through that turns the tide of the war.

SCHWARTZMANN ADJUSTS RADIO EQUIPMENT. LOW FREQUENCY PULSING.

UNGER:
We can't usually use the radios this far down.

SCHWARTZMANN:
I have had this equipment specially made. You see these golden capsules? They were washed in all along this coastline. They are speaking to something down here. But so very low that no-one else can hear.

UNGER:
(DUBIOUS) I see. Three hundred yards…

CREAKS AS SUBMARINE LISTS. ALARMS START UP.

SCHWARTZMANN:
What is that?

UNGER:
(RUSHING TO INSTRUMENTS) Our ballast has suddenly increased. That just isn't possible!

SCHWARTZMANN:
But it has happened! Are we damaged? Is your ship taking on water?

UNGER:
(CHECKING INSTRUMENTS, CONFUSED) I… I don't know sir.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Then find out!

LIEUTENANT:
(RUNNING IN FROM CORRIDOR) Kapitan. The aft hold.

UNGER:
What about it?

LIEUTENANT:
It's probably best you come see.

SCENE 41: INT. SUBMARINE HOLD

CONFINED METAL SPACE. ALARMS ONGOING, OFF. TARDIS — LYING HORIZONTALLY — OPENS, DOOR SLAMMING BACK. DOCTOR CLIMBS OUT ONTO DECK.

DOCTOR:
Ah. (CLIMBING OUT) Aren't you a clever old thing?

CONSTANCE:
(POKING HEAD OUT OF DOORS) Doctor. How's that possible? Your box is lying down flat.

DOCTOR:
Here. Take my hand.

CONSTANCE:
But the floor behind me… Oh my. I feel a little giddy.

DOCTOR:
(HELPING CONSTANCE OUT) The TARDIS is very adaptable, even in her somewhat reduced circumstances. Actually. You've lost a few inches round the middle as well, haven't you?

CONSTANCE CLIMBS OUT ONTO DECK.

CONSTANCE:
I beg your pardon, Dr Smith!

DOCTOR:
My ship. She's shrunk to fit. (CALLING) Come along, Mr Flint. You too!

FLINT:
(CLIMBING OUT) When you're digging out of Wormwood Scrubs, you get used to not knowing where you'll come up.

THEY WALK ON METAL FLOOR OF SUBMARINE DECK.

FLINT:
Blimey. We really have moved.

CONSTANCE:
Can you tell where we are?

DOCTOR:
No. My instruments were dead. (POINTED) But from the fact we weren't flooded with seawater the moment Mr Flint decided to operate the door controls-

FLINT:
(INTERRUPTING) No point going somewhere if you're not going to look outside!

DOCTOR:
A degree of caution would have been advisable! (LOOKING AROUND) I'd say we're probably on the alien ship.

UNGER AND HIS MEN ARRIVE AT ENTRANCE TO HOLD.

UNGER:
Halt! All of you. Stay where you are.

DOCTOR:
Ah. Not the alien ship then.

CONSTANCE:
(CLOSE) Doctor, what are we going to do? Can you explain how we got here? They're never going to believe you're some alien from beyond the stars come to help the human race. You've got to invent a better cover story.

DOCTOR:
We… don't need to.

UNGER:
You expect us to believe this gibberish?

CONSTANCE:
I don't believe it. He's speaking English.

DOCTOR:
No. You are speaking German.

CONSTANCE:
I took Modern Languages at Somerville College, Doctor. I can assure you I'd know if I were speaking-

UNGER:
Silence! No more of this nonsense.

DOCTOR:
It's the TARDIS. That facility at least has started functioning again.

CONSTANCE:
What?

UNGER:
I said, silence.

DOCTOR:
I'll explain later.

UNGER:
Move. All of you. Dr Schwartzmann can decide what to do. I don't give much for your chances.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(ARRIVING) Actually Kapitan. Doctor Schwartzmann is already here.

FLINT:
(SEEING HIS LUCK'S IN) Rightio then. And aren't I glad you are?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Mr Flint? You do crop up in the most unexpected places.

FLINT:
Likewise. Everyone, meet Doctor Volker Schwartzmann. A… business acquaintance of mine.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Who is this delightful lady, and your fellow stowaway?

FLINT:
My… prisoners. Wren Clarke and Dr Smith. Delivered direct from the heart of British Intelligence. Along with their secret weapon. The Tardisk.

DOCTOR:
TAR-DIS.

FLINT:
Keep that shut, clever-clogs.

UNGER:
Dr Schwartzmann? What is going on?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Agent Spark here is one of my trusted counter-intelligence specialists. I suggest you get back to steering your vessel toward our objective. And silence those alarms.

UNGER:
Yes, sir. (EXITS)

SCHWARTZMANN:
Escort them to the bridge, Agent Spark.

SCHWARTZMANN EXITS.

FLINT:
You heard him. Move on out. (CLOSE) Play along, Doctor. I can keep us all alive.

THE OTHERS FOLLOW ALONG CORRIDOR.

DOCTOR:
(WALKING, CLOSE) I was beginning to wonder whose side you were on, Mr Flint.

CLUNK AS SUB HITS BOTTOM. ALL STUMBLE.

CONSTANCE:
(WALKING, CLOSE) Doctor? What was that?

ALARMS ARE SILENCED.

DOCTOR:
(WALKING, CLOSE) I believe that, Mrs Clarke, was the bottom of the ocean.

SCENE 42: EXT. FIELD

TROOPS CLEARING UP, GETTING IN TRUCKS AND MARCHING OFF

CAPTAIN:
(OFF) All clear. Move it out!

HARRIS:
Well this is a mess and a half. As if it's not enough for him to get away once. The blighter's just disappeared again right from under our noses.

SYLVIA:
(MOANS, COMING ROUND) Numbers… Waves…

HARRIS:
Miss? Wren Wimpole? What do you recall?

SYLVIA:
(DAZED) The golden eggs. The goose that laid the golden eggs…

HARRIS:
She's no good to anyone. Let's take her back to Bletchley Park. When she's well again we'll see what Miss Wimpole remembers. I'm the poor devil that has to find some way to account for all of this.

SYLVIA:
(MOANS) Spark… Tulip… Criss-Cross…

HARRIS:
(SOTTO) I only hope for their sake, that you're still on our side, Mr Flint.

SCENE 43: INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL DECK

FLINT, DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE ENTER. MORE GUNS ARE LEVELLED AT THEM. LOW FREQUENCY PULSING RADIO THROUGHOUT.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Have your men keep them all under observation, Captain. Now. What do we have?

FLINT:
Like I said, this one's a Jenny.

CONSTANCE:
Get your hands off me, you filthy German spy!

CONSTANCE SLAPS FLINT.

FLINT:
That I am, and you never suspected! (SOTTO) Nice act, Mrs.

DOCTOR:
Let's all calm down shall we. I'm the Doctor. Pleased to meet you. I presume we're looking for the same thing.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(IGNORING HIM) Who are these people, Flint? And how did you get on board my submarine?

FLINT:
The gent's one of them Government boffins. The woman, she's his assistant.

CONSTANCE:
I am not merely his-

DOCTOR:
Constance! We have greater concerns. Not least of which is why Dr Schwartzmann here has a collection of… a dozen alien reconnaissance beacons plugged into that receiver.

CONSTANCE:
More golden eggs…

SCHWARTZMANN:
You know of them? I understood that they had appeared only in these waters. Nowhere else.

DOCTOR:
They've been interfering with my own equipment. But I don't know how.

SCHWARTZMANN:
I am something of an expert at… puzzles. I believe these to be otherworldly wonders that will [lead us to]

UNGER:
(INTERRUPTING) We have a contact, sir. It's not a ship. It's barely the size of a torpedo. It's lying right alongside.

RADIO PULSING BECOMES HIGHER FREQUENCY. CRACKLES AND HISSING OF STATIC BUILD.

DOCTOR:
Oh no. I can't help feeling that coming here might have been a bad idea.

SCHWARTZMANN:
This technology is like nothing the world has yet seen. If we can control the airwaves. If we can jam all Allied communications…

DOCTOR:
You have no idea what you're dealing with. Even I am only beginning to grasp the faintest clue. But don't you think it was madness to come right here to the source, completely unprepared, and carrying all these transmission pods?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Herr 'Doctor'. I presume you are not a doctor of physics? We are hundreds of feet below the surface of the ocean. Radio waves cannot penetrate here. We are safe from any threat they may pose.

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid quite the opposite is true. Here, we are exposed. Here, we are insulated from all the radio waves on this planet's surface that have so far prevented it from manifesting.

CONSTANCE:
Prevented what?

HISSING STATIC BUILDS AS THE WAVEFORM STARTS TO COALESCE.

DOCTOR:
That!

WAVEFORM:
(FX: HISSING RADIO DISTORT) Transmit… Transmit…

FLINT:
I can't focus on it. It's just waves. Waves of swirling light.

UNGER:
Sir! I have it covered!

DOCTOR:
Don't be a fool. You can't fire your gun in here. Your bullets will pass straight though that being and into your hull.

CONSTANCE:
'Being'? You mean that thing's a living creature?

FIZZING STATIC. MORSE DOTS AND DASHES MIXED WITH ALIEN TRANSPONDER BEEPS BUILD THROUGH.

DOCTOR:
(CRIES OUT) It's looking for a way in. (STRUGGLING) Into my mind…

CONSTANCE:
(OVER NOISE) What is it?

STATIC BECOMES OVERWHELMING, THEN FORMS INTO VOICE OF THE WAVEFORM.

WAVEFORM:
(FX: RADIO DISTORT, ETHEREAL) We are the Waveform. You will receive us.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

CONSTANCE:
'Being'? You mean that thing's a living creature?

FIZZING STATIC. MORSE DOTS AND DASHES MIXED WITH ALIEN TRANSPONDER BEEPS BUILD THROUGH.

DOCTOR:
(CRIES OUT) It's looking for a way in. (STRUGGLING) Into my mind…

CONSTANCE:
(OVER NOISE) What is it?

STATIC BECOMES OVERWHELMING, THEN FORMS INTO VOICE OF THE WAVEFORM.

WAVEFORM:
(FX: RADIO DISTORT, ETHEREAL) We are the Waveform. You will receive us.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 44: INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL DECK [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:
(IN PAIN) I can't! Too much… please… Reduce the signal! Find another way…

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Physical transponders are required.

WITH A CRACKLING WHOOSH, THE WAVEFORM SUBSIDES.

CONSTANCE:
What happened? Where did it go?

DOCTOR:
(GASPING WITH RELIEF) Oh, it's still here. On a different wavelength. I think I persuaded it to try another tack.

SCHWARTZMANN:
You have an idea what this manifestation is?

DOCTOR:
I think it's electromagnetism. Sentient electromagnetism.

CONSTANCE:
Sorry. What? You're saying that spinning light is made up of radio waves that are… alive?

DOCTOR:
Life takes many forms, Constance.

METALLIC CRACKLING AND CLATTERING OF CHUADRI SOLDIERS MATERIALISING.

FLINT:
And what are those things?

DOCTOR:
You heard what it required. 'Physical transponders'. Inside this submarine, it's not restrained by radio waves as it is above the sea. I think this 'Waveform' is testing its powers. Looking for better ways to interact with us.

SCWARTZMANN:
Metal men. Soldiers made of quicksilver.

CHUADRI WALK – METAL ON METAL. WAVEFORM CRACKLES BACK INTO LIFE, STABILISES.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Solid form. You say 'soldiers'. We name them 'Chuadri'.

FLINT:
They're coming for us.

DOCTOR:
No, these 'Chuadri' are simply a physical extension of the Waveform's being. An interface.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We will use them to take control of this vessel.

DOCTOR:
Waveform, please! There's no need!

CHUADRI:
(FX: HARSH RADIO CRACKLE DISTORT) Submit. Submit to the Waveform.

UNGER:
This is solid. Something that can be shot. Take aim!

DOCTOR:
No, Captain! Wait!

SCHWARTZMANN:
The Kriegsmarine answer to me, not you, Dr Smith. You. Lieutenant. Shoot it!

LIEUTENANT FIRES AT CHUADRI. IT SUCKS IN AND ABSORBS THE BULLET.

FLINT:
Blimey. The bullet made an 'ole. Then it just closed up.

DOCTOR:
Absorbed, I assume.

CHUADRI:
(FX) Offensive transponders must be neutralised.

CRACKLING INTERFERENCE AS CHUADRI GRABS LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT:
No… Aaargh!

CONSTANCE:
Dear heavens, that lightning! What's it doing to him?

DOCTOR:
Reaching out, the only way it knows. (CALLING) Please! Do not harm these people. Communicate with me! Tell me what you want!

LIEUTENANT:
SCREAMS THROUGH FOLLOWING

FLINT:
It's killing him!

DOCTOR:
Stop it! You're hurting him! What do you want?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Communication. We want communication.

UNGER:
That's enough. Shoot the intruders!

GUNSHOTS.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Analysis complete. Disperse the antagonistic waves.

VIOLENT LIGHTNING ENERGY HITTING CREW.

DOCTOR:
Throw down your guns! They're targeting everyone who's using a weapon!

UNGER:
No! They will not take my- (HIT BY CHUADRI) Aaagh!

UNGER'S AND OTHERS' CRIES DISTORT UNDER FOLLOWING.

DOCTOR:
Constance. Get out of here. Get back to the TARDIS!

CONSTANCE:
No Doctor. I'm not leaving you.

DOCTOR:
Flint. Take her to safety.

FLINT:
You heard him, Mrs. Let's go!

FLINT DRAGS CONSTANCE OUT.

UNGER:
(SCREAMS)

CREW FIZZLES AWAY TO NOTHING.

DOCTOR:
Horrible. Quite, quite horrible.

SCHWARTZMANN:
What happened to them?

DOCTOR:
At a guess, I'd say your U-Boat Captain and his crew were agitated to their component molecules. Then the electron bonds of their atoms were quite simply shaken apart.

SCHWARTZMANN:
This is quite some weapon.

DOCTOR:
Is that all you can say?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Transmit. Transmit.

SCENE 45: INT. SUBMARINE HOLD

FLINT AND CONSTANCE HURRY ALONG CORRIDOR AND SQUEEZE INTO A CONFINED HOLD.

FLINT:
In here. Looks like a storage hold.

CONSTANCE:
It feels like a cupboard.

FLINT:
Whatever. There's too many of them silver bodies about. We need to take cover.

FLINT CLANGS DOOR CLOSED.

CONSTANCE:
You believe you'll get out of this alive, Mr Flint?

FLINT:
(TURNING LOCKING WHEEL) I do, Mrs. Always have so far. Don't plan on changing that anytime soon.

CONSTANCE:
Your faith is… admirable.

HATCH LOCKS.

FLINT:
That'll keep 'em out. Give it a minute then we'll poke our heads out. See if we can make a run for it down the end to the Doctor's magic box.

CONSTANCE:
(CAUTIOUS) Listen, Mr Flint. I'm glad we have this respite. That we're alone, for the moment.

FLINT:
And there's me thinking you're a respectable married woman.

CONSTANCE:
Don't be ridiculous. I need to ask some questions of Agent Spark.

FLINT:
(CHUCKLE) Agent Criss-Cross today, remember? You're one of them radio people ain't you, Mrs? Listening in on everything. Only I use the code machines. German and the British. You won't crack what I'm saying without my help.

CONSTANCE:
I'm not interested in any codes. I know more than I've heard on the radio.

FLINT:
Do you now?

CONSTANCE:
For instance, I know Agent Spark had dealings with Naval Intelligence. Interceptions. Altercations. I wonder… perhaps that was all simply a front for Agent Criss-Cross reporting in?

FLINT:
You're a clever one. I don't know all the who's and wherefores. Major Harris had me meet with quite a few shifty types. Some of 'em might have been sailors…

CONSTANCE:
I'm only interested in one of those sailors. Lieutenant Commander Henry Clarke. Have you heard of him, Mr Flint?

SCENE 46: INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL DECK

CRACKLING WAVEFORM B/G

DOCTOR:
Please, listen to me.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We are ready. Transmit.

DOCTOR:
I am the Doctor. I have superior technology. I can help you. There's no need to harm any more people of this world.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) You are not of this world. We have decoded this fact.

DOCTOR:
Good. And despite what you've done, I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt. Our physical plane must be extremely confusing for a creature such as yourself.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(CLOSE) What are you doing, Doctor? This creature just slaughtered my officers.

DOCTOR:
It may have been simply trying to communicate. This is the first time you've ever been able to fully manifest in this way. Am I right?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Waves criss-cross this planet. Interference.

SCHWARTZMANN:
What does it mean?

DOCTOR:
Up on the surface it can't move. Too much radio traffic. Down here, the sea kept it insulated. Until you turned up in a submarine, with its communication beacons. It was able to hop on board.

(TO WAVEFORM) Explain to me, Waveform. Who are you? Where did you come from?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) The war. We escaped the war.

SCHWARTZMANN:
It was with the Allies? It flees from them?

DOCTOR:
Not your war, Schwartzmann. I imagine this one is fought on a very different plane. One that most life in the universe isn't even aware of.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) The infra burn the ultra. The spectrum is divided. The rays are at war. We flee to longer wavelengths, lower frequencies. Your world of matter distorts our being. Understand…

HISSING RADIO STATIC INCREASES, SURROUNDING THEM.

SCHWARTZMANN:
What is that?

DOCTOR:
Agh! Let me concentrate. It's showing me… Allowing me to comprehend…

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Transmit.

SCENE 47: SUBMARINE HOLD

FLINT:
I get it. That Doctor fella called you Mrs Clarke. (BEAT) Maybe I do know your old man. Maybe I don't.

CONSTANCE:
We haven't the time for games. This could very well be the last conversation either of us has on Earth.

METAL FOOTSTEPS OF CHUADRI PASSING OUTSIDE DOOR.

FLINT:
Shh!

THEY WAIT FOR CHAUDRI TO PASS.

CONSTANCE:
(HUSHED) Wouldn't you like to go out with a clear conscience, Mr Flint?

FLINT:
That's assuming I have a conscience, Mrs. (BEAT) Yeah, I've heard of him. Your old man. Never met him, mind. Major Harris keeps things much too cloak and dagger for that. But yeah, I've heard of him. And what I've heard is – he's gone.

CONSTANCE:
Gone where?

CRACKLING MATERIALISATION OF CHUADRI.

FLINT:
You know I said nothing could get in? Might have been wrong…

FLINT TURNS LOCKING WHEEL.

FLINT:
We need to get out of here!

CONSTANCE:
Mr Flint? Answer me.

CHUADRI STEPS TOWARDS CONSTANCE.

CHUADRI:
(FX) End communication. End transmission.

CONSTANCE:
Oh my word. Get away. Get away from me- (CRIES OUT)

CONSTANCE IS ZAPPED AND FALLS.

SCENE 48: INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL DECK

FIZZING OF WAVEFORM IN B/G

DOCTOR:
So that's it. There is a 'radiation' war.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Radiation?

DOCTOR:
A race of sentient energy waves. Many races. Beyond our perception. They have their own alliances… Their own enmities… Their own weapons.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Fascinating. Is it open to co-operation with the Reich? Is it ready to parlay?

DOCTOR:
It barely registers your existence! No. This creature is trapped in a range of the spectrum corresponding to our radio waves. It's barely able to help itself.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) The medium and the message. We require understanding to move between them. To escape.

SCHWARTZMANN:
It cannot move because of our radio transmissions?

DOCTOR:
Electromagnetic waves and the messages contained within them. Semantics and semiosis. It can't separate the two. It fell to Earth, and now it's paralysed.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Life as a form of… electrical impulse? Incredible.

DOCTOR:
What's 'thought' but electrical impulses flickering across your brain? The equivalent for you would be floundering in a sea of flesh and bones. Infinite confusion.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We reached out. We reach out in every way we could, but we were not received.

DOCTOR:
Of course. It's emitted a distress call. One that's completely disabled my TARDIS. (REALISATION) Ha! Sand in a Messerschmitt's engine.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Now it is I who confuse meaning and symbols.

DOCTOR:
Dust in a computer circuit, leaves on the railway line. Higher technologies can be stymied by the most mundane of irritants. That's what radio is to the Waveform. And what the Waveform's signal is to the TARDIS. Links in a chain. I must find a way to break that chain and release it.

SCHWARTZMANN:
We cannot allow this entity free rein in our world. It is too powerful.

DOCTOR:
No. I mean free my TARDIS. Then I'll take the Waveform anywhere it wishes. So long as it's away from here.

ALARM SOUNDS IN CORRIDOR. SUBMARINE CREAKS AND SHIFTS.

DOCTOR:
What's that?

SCHWARTZMANN:
(RUSHING TO INSTRUMENTS) We struck the ocean floor with quite some force. We are flooding.

SCENE 49: INT. SUBMARINE TUBE

CHUADRI AT END OF CORRIDOR. WATER LEAKING IN, SUBMARINE ALARMS.

FLINT:
(SOTTO) Too many of ‘em that way. Back where we started…

FLINT CREEPS ALONG CORRIDOR TOWARDS DECK.

DOCTOR:
(OFF, INTO EARSHOT AS FLINT APPROACHES) Do you understand what I am proposing, Waveform? This vessel is crippled. You will be trapped in the sea once again unless you take my offer.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, OFF) We understand. You separate medium and message. Meaning from waves. Through understanding comes function. From function comes escape.

DOCTOR:
(OFF) I suppose that’s near enough to a ‘yes’.

FLINT STOPS JUST OUTSIDE.

FLINT:
(SOTTO) Sounds like someone’s got a plan.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(JUST OFF) If it is prepared to bargain… If it has intelligence, we could still harness its power for ourselves.

DOCTOR:
(JUST OFF) Stop thinking like a soldier.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(JUST OFF) You forget Doctor whoever-you-are. I am a soldier.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 50: INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL DECK (CONTINUOUS)

FIZZING WAVEFORM THROUGH. SUBMARINE ALARMS ONGOING OUTSIDE.

DOCTOR:
Listen, Dr Schwartzmann. What we do now has implications far beyond this war of yours.

SCHWARTZMANN:
No. I call the tune. I came here to harvest this resource. It will be done.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Another threat? Transmit! Chuadri! Come!

CHUADRI APPROACH.

DOCTOR:
No! No. I won't help you if you keep destroying these humans' lives. You know what your touch can do. If you want my assistance, you will not kill another person.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Transmission… understood. We desist from further communication. For the moment.

DOCTOR:
Hear that? Now stop waving your gun about, Schwartzmann.

SCHWARTZMANN:
You have it under control?

DOCTOR:
That's probably an optimistic assessment. (TO WAVEFORM) Waveform. Dissolve your Chuadri! Come with me, into my ship and I'll remove you from here.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We will compress our waveform.

CRACKLING RADIO WAVES AS CHUADRI DISSOLVE.

DOCTOR:
If I can get it into my ship, I'll try and take it away.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Wait. I am the one with a weapon here. I decide what is to be done.

FLINT:
(ENTERING) No, Dr Schwartzmann. You're not the only one with a gun.

DOCTOR:
Flint? Where's Constance?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Good. Agent Spark. Assist me. Secure the Doctor and take this creature. Pass me those ropes.

FLINT:
That's not going to happen. First of all. You give me your gun.

SCHWARTZMANN:
What?

FLINT:
I did ask nicely. Ah well… (EFFORT AS FLINT THUMPS SCHWARTZMANN)

SCHWARTZMANN:
CRIES OUT.

SCHWARTZMANN DROPS GUN AND FALLS TO FLOOR.

DOCTOR:
Good grief. You do pick your moments, Mr Flint.

FLINT:
(RETRIEVING SCHWARTZMANN'S GUN) Guess I've well and truly blown my cover now. Mrs Clarke's safe, Doctor. Took a zap from one of them silver things, but she's all right.

DOCTOR:
Show me.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(ON FLOOR) What is going on here?

DOCTOR:
(HELPING HIM UP) Dr Schwartzmann. Meet Agent Criss-cross. Flint's not a Nazi spy. He's a double agent. He's been working for British intelligence all along.

SCENE 51: INT. SUBMARINE CORRIDOR

SUBMARINE ALARMS. WATER FLOODING IN. CONSTANCE STEPS OUT OF HOLD.

CONSTANCE:
(CALLING) Mr Flint? Did you really just leave me to that creature's-[mercy]? (SEEING OTHERS) Doctor! Thank goodness!

DOCTOR, FLINT, SCHWARTZMANN AND CRACKLING WAVEFORM APPROACH ALONG CORRIDOR, SPLASHING PUDDLES OF WATER.

DOCTOR:
(COMING CLOSER) That's it. This way. Back to my ship. Wren Clarke! How are you feeling?

CONSTANCE:
One of those Chuadri… touched me.

FLINT:
I checked you was all right before I went to fetch help. You had a lucky escape, Mrs. Can't have been at full power, eh Doc?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Your request. No dispersals. While we negotiated.

DOCTOR:
Thank you. Now, hurry. We don't have long.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Careful with my capsules, Flint. I spent many months collecting them from these coastal waters.

DOCTOR:
They might be the key to us getting out of here. We need every one of them aboard my Ship.

CONSTANCE:
Here. Let me take some. (HELPING FLINT CARRY COMMUNICATION PODS)

FLINT:
Ta. Tough little bird, ain't you?

CONSTANCE:
It takes more than an electric shock to stop a Wren.

THEY HURRY ON, SPLASHING THROUGH RISING WATER.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We depart. We seek the source of interference.

SCHWARTZMANN:
This box of yours? How does it work?

DOCTOR:
It doesn't. At the moment.

FLINT:
We got here, didn't we?

DOCTOR:
That's no guarantee we'll get away.

CONSTANCE:
Even if we shelter inside, we'll be stuck? On a sunken submarine?

DOCTOR CLIMBS ONTO HORIZONTAL TARDIS AND UNLOCKS DOORS.

DOCTOR:
I'm hoping our electromagnetic friend can assist with that. And those eggs will help it connect. Everyone? Climb aboard!

FOLLOW THEM INTO:

SCENE 52: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

ALL CLIMB IN THROUGH DOORS, STUMBLING ONTO FLOOR.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(DROPPING TO FLOOR) It's… so much bigger? How is this possible?

DOCTOR:
(HURRYING ACROSS ROOM) I thought you liked puzzles? Mr Flint. Deal with your Commandant's bewilderment, would you?

FLINT:
It's from outer space. And so's he.

CONSTANCE:
And he's on our side, Herr Schwartzmann. Remember that.

DOCTOR:
(CLOSING DOORS) I told you before, I simply do what I think is right, and am always glad of assistance from anyone who concurs. (BEAT) Though I admit, Dr Schwartzmann, I'm most certainly not on the side of your current employers.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) This machine is free from interference. We sense great power within.

DOCTOR:
And with no way to access it, I'll need to channel some of yours. Could you hover over that rotor, there's a good Waveform?

WAVEFORM CRACKLES, TARDIS ROTOR MOVES SLIGHTLY.

FLINT:
What about these eggs?

DOCTOR CROUCHES AND PULLS OFF PANEL AS BEFORE.

DOCTOR:
Pass them here. (STARTS PLACING PODS IN CONSOLE BASE) Good. Now. Connecting all the beacons in series, I should be able to retrace our course to the TARDIS's last position at Bletchley.

CONSTANCE:
But we drove your box away on a truck. It was brought in on one too, from what I recall.

DOCTOR:
Indeed. Her last fully functional journey was to a lovely little spot on the Isis. I was going to go fishing. (SIGH) It seems such a long time ago now.

CONSTANCE:
I thought you wanted to return to your office?

DOCTOR:
Ah. Where has the TARDIS been standing these last few months? When you get up in the morning, you leave a dent in the pillow. The TARDIS has done something similar in Earth's electromagnetic field.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We have found the pattern. We understand something of this vessel's means of transmission.

DOCTOR:
Just what I was hoping!

TARDIS ENGINES START AS BEFORE.

CONSTANCE:
This is a remarkable machine.

DOCTOR:
How do you feel about a trip to Blighty, Dr Schwartzmann?

SCHWARTZMANN:
It seems I have no choice in the matter.

FLINT:
It's not all bad, Volker. How many Nazis get to pay a visit to the heart of British Intelligence?

SCENE 53: INT. CORRIDOR BLETCHLEY

HARRIS WALKING ALONG WITH SYLVIA.

HARRIS:
Good to see you back on your feet, Wren Wimpole. No ill effects at all?

SYLVIA:
Not at all. Thank you Major. If anything, I feel I've slept for days!

HARRIS:
Well, everyone else seems to have vanished into thin air. Follow me. You can probably make sense of some of the papers in Smith's office.

THEY START UP THE STAIRS. TARDIS MATERIALISES INSIDE OFFICE, OFF.

HARRIS:
(STOPPING) What the devil? (BEAT) Good Lord. He's back already. He's on our side after all.

SYLVIA:
Sir?

HARRIS:
You recognise that sound, Wren Wimpole?

AS THEY RUSH OFF STAIRS AND INTO CORRIDOR, THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE DOOR OPENS, JUST OFF. CONSTANCE EMERGES, CLOSING DOOR BEHIND.

CONSTANCE:
(APPROACHING) Sylvia. There you are. I knew you wouldn't be out of action for long. Now, take yourself over to Hut Nine. At the double. We need as many girls as we can muster. Everyone off break and over to Twelve-A.

SYLVIA:
Yes ma'am! (RUNS OFF DOWNSTAIRS)

CONSTANCE:
(CALLING) Bring tea and biscuits too! (BEAT) Hello Major Harris.

HARRIS:
Wren Clarke?

CONSTANCE:
(LEADING HIM OFF) This way, please, sir. We've a lot to do.

SCENE 54: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

DOCTOR CHECKING CONTROLS. WAVEFORM HISSING B/G.

DOCTOR:
It was a risky strategy allowing the Waveform to carry us here. But one that's paid off, it appears.

SCHWARTZMANN:
We have somehow changed our position?

FLINT:
You wait and see, Doctor Schwartzmann!

WAVEFORM:
(FX, MORE DISTORTED 'LOSING SIGNAL') We will not sustain for long outside. Already, the transmissions of this world distort us.

DOCTOR:
Hold on as best you can. I'm hoping help won't be too long coming. — Now, Mr Flint. Could you collect up all the reconnaissance beacons? There should be a suitable container in the next room along the corridor.

FLINT:
(GOING OFF INTO TARDIS) All the eggs. In one basket. Rightio!

DOCTOR:
It'll have to do for now. Waveform, Schwartzmann, you're with me. Brace yourselves. You're both in for rather a large dose of culture shock.

DOCTOR LEADS THEM OUT OF TARDIS.

SCENE 55: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY (CONTINUOUS)

DOCTOR, SCHWARTZMANN AND WAVEFORM EXIT TARDIS. WAVEFORM HISSING & CRACKLING B/G.

SCHWARTZMANN:
We… We are in England?

DOCTOR:
Look out of my window. The view's not the best, and it's dusk. But those trees, those fields. We could hardly be anywhere else.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, MORE DISTORT) We… distort. We require signal clarity…

DOCTOR:
Waveform. Can you hear me? You must use what power you have to analyse your surroundings and tell me. What are the strongest sources of interference? I need frequencies and direction.

CONSTANCE KNOCKS AND OPENS DOOR. HARRIS AND CONSTANCE ENTER WITH SOLDIERS.

CONSTANCE:
Major Harris – as requested. Sylvia's gathering reinforcements.

DOCTOR:
Excellent work, Mrs Clarke!

HARRIS:
Doctor? What the devil have you been doing with my staff? (SEEING WAVEFORM) And what's… that?!

DOCTOR:
I am dealing with a creature beyond your sphere of experience. I believe you have more parochial matters to consider.

HARRIS:
Good Lord. Is that…?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Good evening. Major… Harris I believe? I recognise you from our photographs.

HARRIS:
But he's a…

DOCTOR:
Dr Schwartzmann. Of the Abwehr. German Intelligence. I suppose you'll want a word.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Lovely weather for the time of year?

HARRIS:
What the deuce is going on?

DOCTOR:
It's all very straightforward, Major. This is a Nazi spymaster. And this is an alien intelligence that's trapped on Earth.

HARRIS:
The light… The sound…

DOCTOR:
It's living electromagnetism. Your world is therefore infinitely confusing for it.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We are… medium… message. Numbers… signs… letters… Too much… interference.

CONSTANCE:
Thought is a form of electromagnetism. So are radio waves. This creature is trapped in a confusion of messages. Until we can untangle the two, it can't escape. That's what we're about to do in Hut Twelve-A. And Hut Eleven, if we can borrow the bombes.

DOCTOR:
An excellent summary, Constance. You see, Major, the very nature of the creature disables any equipment that might serve to analyse it. My TARDIS, for instance. While the Waveform remains trapped, so does my Ship.

HARRIS:
Was that supposed to make things clearer?

DOCTOR:
Let's keep you to more practical matters. I want to minimise the disruption. You need to keep everyone else in Bletchley inside their huts.

HARRIS:
Evening shift's just started. Not too many will be out and about in Blackout.

DOCTOR:
Ensure it stays that way. I'll need to pinpoint which signals are scrambling the Waveform and decode them. Clear a route for the TARDIS, and then we can leave.

CONSTANCE:
I'll fetch the cards from Block C. All the successful key decryptions from today. As many as we have.

HARRIS:
Captain Walters? Go with Wren Clarke. Make sure everyone's locked down as the Doctor says.

CONSTANCE & CAPTAIN:
(TOGETHER) Sir!

CONSTANCE AND CAPTAIN EXIT.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Key decryptions? You have decoded our ciphers? Enigma? Lorenz?

DOCTOR:
Ah.

HARRIS:
Doctor, I appreciate much of this is beyond my ken, but what on Earth do you think you're doing bringing a Nazi agent here? (CLOSE) This puts Ultra at risk!

DOCTOR:
Yes. Whatever else is happening, I can't allow the course of history to be affected. It's important our guest sees nothing beyond these walls.

HARRIS:
Secure him.

SOLDIERS GRAB SCHWARTZMANN.

DOCTOR:
Quickly, please. And humanely. Keep him here if you like. I'll need help as soon as I've pinpointed the codes that need cracking first. (WALKING) Hut Twelve-A is this way, Waveform. Send Mr Flint along with the beacons! (STOPS AT DOOR) I shan't hold up your war for long — Major Harris, Doctor Schwartzmann.

DOCTOR EXITS WITH WAVEFORM.

SCENE 56: INT. BOMBE ROOM, BLETCHLEY

BOMBE MACHINERY OPERATES, THEN HALTS. A BUZZER SOUNDS.

CONSTANCE:
We have a stop!

SYLVIA:
Yes ma'am. (READING AND NOTING SETTINGS) A — T — Z. Rotor settings for Network Nineteen!

CONSTANCE:
Excellent work. No time to rest I'm afraid. Prepare for the next one. Reset the plugs.

WRENS START ADJUSTING BOMBE MACHINERY. UNPLUGGING CABLES, SETTING ROTORS.

SYLVIA:
(EXCHANGING PAPERS WITH CONSTANCE) That's everything over the Bay of Biscay, ma'am.

CONSTANCE:
Thanks you. (EXCHANGING PAPERS) Now, onto the Luftwaffe. Here are the cribs for Red and for Snowdrop. (TO WREN) Wren Page, take the Biscay wheel and plugboard settings over to the Type-X girls.

WREN:
Yes ma'am!

DOOR OPENS, WREN DEPARTS, DOCTOR ENTERS WITH CRACKLING, HISSING WAVEFORM.

DOCTOR:
Marvellous work, ladies. We've an excellent hit rate the last few hours. What have we got?

CONSTANCE:
U-boat co-ordinates. Gun positions. Aircraft movements. The translators in Twelve-A seem to have built up a head of steam.

DOCTOR:
That'll be the TARDIS lending a hand.

CONSTANCE:
We've still got the Tunny messages to run. The ones from Berlin.

DOCTOR:
Yes… a trickier prospect. I'll take a look at those myself. But I'm hoping this decoded traffic will be enough to carve a path. Waveform, can you make sense of them?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) The codes. They are understood. We see. We see a way between the waves.

SYLVIA:
(CALLING) All set. We're on another run!

BOMBE MACHINE RESTARTS. ROTORS CLATTERING RHYTHMICALLY. THE WAVEFORM HISSING FADES THROUGH FOLLOWING AS IT SLIPS AWAY.

DOCTOR:
Separating sense from the codes. The medium and the message. We can't unscramble everything. But if the Waveform has a crib, a working hypothesis of where to begin, then our alien intelligence can complete its own analysis. Just like these machines. 'Thinking' machines. Your Mr Turing truly is a genius.

CONSTANCE:
I was on duty the night they made the breakthrough. Spring of '41. I'd not been here long. And of course, no-one said exactly what they'd done. But we knew. Suddenly, there were so many more decrypts for translation. We knew, but we never spoke a word.

DOCTOR:
A hundred and fifty nine million, million, million combinations. And that was the easy nut to crack.

CONSTANCE:
Then came Shark. Another rotor wheel on the naval Enigma.

DOCTOR:
Multiplying the possibilities. But the same principles cracked it. These magnificent bombe machines. Bletchley almost puts Logopolis to shame. Human ingenuity never ceases to amaze me.

BOMBE MACHINE WHIRS. WAVEFORM SOUND HAS STOPPED.

CONSTANCE:
Where did it go?

DOCTOR:
What?

CONSTANCE:
The Waveform. It was here with us. Then it… faded away.

DOCTOR:
As quickly as we've been working, it may not have been enough. It could have been subsumed by the sheer volume of radio traffic in the atmosphere. (CALLING) Hello? Waveform? Are you receiving?

CRACKLING CHUADRI FORMS.

DOCTOR:
Ah. It's coming through…

BOMBE MACHINERY HALTS. BUZZER SOUNDS.

SYLVIA:
(JUST OFF) We have a stop!

CHUADRI SOLIDIFIES.

CONSTANCE:
That's not the Waveform. It's one of those Chuadri!

SYLVIA:
(APPROACHING) One of… what, ma'am? (GASPS) There are more behind the bombes.

WRENS MOVE AWAY IN ALARM.

DOCTOR:
Why is it summoning them? I'm freeing the Waveform. I thought understanding was all it needed.

CHUADRI:
(FX) Message received. Awaiting transmission.

DOCTOR:
Oh no. Carry on, Sylvia! (HEADS TO DOOR) Constance, with me!

CONSTANCE:
I'm not leaving my Wrens while these creatures are threatening them.

DOCTOR:
(OPENING DOOR) They're not. They're standing guard. They won't harm your ladies. Not while they're doing its work. (GOES OUTSIDE) Come on!

SCENE 57: EXT. PATHS BETWEEN HUTS, BLETCHLEY (CONTINUOUS)

MULTIPLE CHUADRI MATERIALISING, OFF. CONSTANCE EXITS HUT.

CONSTANCE:
(CATCHING UP) Where do you think the Waveform is?

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) Everywhere!

CONSTANCE:
How do we communicate with it? Find out what it's doing?

DOCTOR:
Right now, I've no idea. But we can start with those pods, back in my office.

CONSTANCE:
Actually. We should stop off somewhere first. (TAKING THE LEAD) Don't worry, Doctor, it's on the way!

THEY HURRY ON.

SCENE 58: EXT. LAKESIDE, BLETCHLEY

RUSTLING IN BUSHES.

EFFY:
We shouldn't be out here, Cyril. The Major said everyone should stay indoors.

CYRIL:
But this is my best chance to get you alone, Effy darling.

EFFY:
Oh Cyril!

THEY SMOOCH. CHUADRI START FORMING.

EFFY:
Cyril. Wait. Someone's here. Oh. What are they?

CYRIL:
Remarkable. Silver ghosts. From thin air.

EFFY:
Is it… them? Are we invaded?

CHUADRI:
(FX, BECOMING MORE DISTINCT THROUGH FOLLOWING) One. One. Nine. Four. Zero. Zero. Nine.

CYRIL:
No. It's like a statue. Is it… speaking? (APPROACHES THROUGH BUSHES) I wonder. If I… (ZAPPED BY CHUADRI) Aaagh!

CHUADRI:
(FX) These minds. Full of thoughts. Numbers. Waves.

EFFY:
Cyril! No! (TURNS TO RUN)

ANOTHER CHUADRI WALKS FORWARD AND ZAPS HER.

EFFY:
Aaaagh!

CHUADRI:
(FX) Waves absorbed.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, AS IF VIA RADIO TRANSMISSION) We gain understanding. We are everywhere. Transmit.

SCENE 59: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY

DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE RUN UPSTAIRS AND INTO OFFICE.

DOCTOR:
Where's Harris? Where's Flint?

SCHWARTZMANN:
The Major seems content to leave me tied to this chair with a guard on the door. Mr Flint… vanished with my golden eggs.

DOCTOR:
The Waveform's played me for a fool. It's already cracked all the codes it needs.

CONSTANCE:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
It wanted freeing from its underwater prison. And like an idiot, I did exactly what it wanted.

WAVEFORM HISSES AND CRACKLES INTO EXISTENCE.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We will conquer all radio frequencies. They envelop this planet. We will ride them and disseminate our Chuadri soldiers.

DOCTOR:
Why? This world is irrelevant to you. The Earth has nothing to do with your war.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) This 'Earth' is a resource in that conflict. First, every electrical impulse can be absorbed.

LIGHTNING ZAPS SOLDIER OUTSIDE DOOR.

SOLDIER:
(CRIES OUT AND FALLS, OFF)

CONSTANCE:
The guard!

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We test human signals. The bodies do not conduct.

CONSTANCE:
Doctor, you said… every thought. Every nerve signal. They contain electrical energy.

DOCTOR:
But it's tiny. The amount of power the Waveform would gain from a human being is infinitesimally small.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Billions exist on this world. Moving. Thinking. Fighting. If they cannot be harnessed, we cleanse this rock of life. Then absorb power from the electromagnetic fields that cross it.

PANICKING CRIES OF ALARM OUTSIDE. CONSTANCE RUSHES TO WINDOW.

CONSTANCE:
What's happening out there?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We must expand our range.

CHUADRI MANIFESTING OUTSIDE. GUNSHOTS. CRIES.

CONSTANCE:
(LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW) There are more Chuadri appearing in the grounds, Doctor.

GUNFIRE OUTSIDE.

DOCTOR:
It's no good fighting. We need to use our heads. (GOING TO UNTIE SCHWARTZMANN) Here, Schwartzmann, let's get you untied.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(BEING RELEASED) Thank you. I suppose it is too much to ask for the return of my weapon to defend myself? (FREED, HE STANDS)

DOCTOR:
Yes. In any case, it won't do much good.

CONSTANCE:
I'll find Major Harris. Tell him to pull the men back inside. (RUSHES TO DOOR)

CONSTANCE OPENS DOOR. FLINT BLOCKS HER WAY.

FLINT:
(ENTERING) Whoah! Hold up, Mrs. Where you hurrying off to? Did I miss the start of the party?

DOCTOR:
(PREOCCUPIED) How? The Waveform could only make headway if it knew ciphers from both sides. If it's been able to decode a proportion of the signals from the start. How did it gain that knowledge?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Ha! You are betrayed, I think. It is obvious, is it not?

CONSTANCE:
Yes. Of course. Of course it is. (BEAT) What did they promise you? Mr Flint.

FLINT:
(DRAWS GUN) Nothing much. Just mastery of the whole world. Sort of puts Dr Schwartzmann's and Major Harris's payments in the shade.

DOCTOR:
Agent Criss-Cross.

FLINT:
Hande hoch — Doctor, Mrs Clarke!

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Our signals attuned to this human's mind. We ratified our agreement beneath the sea.

FLINT:
You might say, we're on the same wavelength.

DOCTOR:
You'd really do this? Betray your whole species? Your whole planet?

FLINT:
If I get to run it. Yeah. Why not? First job on the list, though… is to get rid of you, Dr Smith.

PISTOL COCKED.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:
Agent Criss-Cross.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Our signals attuned to this human's mind. We ratified our agreement beneath the sea.

FLINT:
You might say, we're on the same wavelength.

DOCTOR:
You'd really do this? Betray your whole species? Your whole planet?

FLINT:
If I get to run it. Yeah. Why not? First job on the list, though… is to get rid of you, Dr Smith.

PISTOL COCKED.

SCENE 60: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY (CONTINUOUS)

CONSTANCE:
I think not, Mr Flint.

LOUD BURST OF RADIO NOISE.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, VERY DISTORTED, SIGNAL BREAKING UP) We are manifesting. Do not block the transmission!

FLINT:
Aaagh!! (COLLAPSES AND DROPS GUN)

DOCTOR:
Good work, Constance!

SCHWARTZMANN:
What did you do?

CONSTANCE:
Signal jammer. I thought those bits and bobs in the old radio hut would be useful.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Very resourceful, your British sparrows.

CONSTANCE:
Wrens, Dr Schwartzmann. The word is Wrens.

DOCTOR:
Let's congratulate Constance later. The effect won't last. Flint and the Waveform are linked, they'll recover together. Come on both of you. Run!

DOCTOR, CONSTANCE AND SCHWARTZMANN FLEE FROM OFFICE.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, DISTORTED) No signal! No… signal!

FLINT:
(RECOVERING) S'all right… they won't get far.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, RECOVERING) We receive… Transmit! Transmit!

SCENE 61: EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK, OUTSIDE MANSION

SCATTERED CHUADRI WHINE LIKE DETUNED RADIOS IN B/G THROUGHOUT. GUNSHOTS AND METALLIC RICOHETS AS BULLETS HIT THEM.

HARRIS:
This is no longer a drill. They've halted. Keep firing till the blighters fall over!

MORE SHOTS.

HARRIS:
(CALLING) Captain Walters! Keep the civilians inside, away from windows! We'll engage hand-to-hand if we must.

DOCTOR, CONSTANCE AND SCHWARTZMANN RUN FROM MANSION.

DOCTOR:
(OFF, RUNNING TOWARDS THEM) Hold your fire!

HARRIS:
(CALLING) Cease fire! Doctor, is that you?

GUNFIRE STOPS. SOLDIERS RUN FOR COVER.

CONSTANCE:
(RUNNING UP) Please, Major. Your men must stop shooting at them. We've seen what they do.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(RUNNING UP) It is a far from pleasant way to die.

HARRIS:
Wren Clarke. Why is my prisoner running around Bletchley?

DOCTOR:
The alternative was to let the Waveform disintegrate him!

SCHWARTZMANN:
I am grateful.

HARRIS:
Still. He's a Nazi spy!

DOCTOR:
Worry about that later. Order your men to cover. We need to get back to the huts. How many hostiles are there?

ALL HURRY ALONG PATHWAY THROUGH FOLLOWING.

HARRIS:
Couple of dozen appeared out in the open. Started advancing on the House, but suddenly stopped. Like silver statues.

DOCTOR:
Constance afforded us a small respite. But it won't be long before the Chuadri recover and then they will retaliate.

CONSTANCE:
What do we do next, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
We need Sylvia from the bombe room. You've given me an idea, Constance.

HARRIS:
What about these silver ghosts? What did you call them? These 'Chuadri'?

SCHWARTZMANN:
By my understanding, so long as there are unbroken codes in the ether around us, the Waveform's movement is restricted.

DOCTOR:
That's the trouble. Flint's given it enough of the ciphers from both sides to gain a foothold.

HARRIS:
Flint?

CONSTANCE:
Your Agent Criss-Cross switched sides. Again.

SCHWARTZMANN:
The creature spoke of expanding its range.

DOCTOR:
Its range increases exponentially so long as it keeps deciphering whatever's being carried in the surrounding radio waves. It may only control a half-mile radius now, but in a very few hours, it could be hundreds or even thousands of miles.

CONSTANCE:
Scattered with Chuadri warriors. Ready to zap the human race to kingdom come. (HAPPY GASP OF REALISATION) That's it, Doctor! It won't have hours.

DOCTOR:
Mrs Clarke?

THEY ALL STOP.

CONSTANCE:
What a stroke of luck! It doesn't even have minutes. Look at the time! (CHECKS WATCH) Listen! (BEAT) Three. Two. One.

BELLS RING IN ALL THE HUTS, OFF.

DOCTOR:
Oh, that's marvellous!

CONSTANCE:
Midnight! The Germans have changed the codes.

HARRIS:
As they do every day. What does it mean?

DOCTOR:
It means, Major, that for a precious few minutes, The Waveform is back at square one. We have some breathing space. Where's that radio hut, Constance?

CONSTANCE:
There. Across the lawn.

DOCTOR:
It won't take long for Flint to bring his ally up to speed. He's got codebooks stolen from your side, Schwartzmann, and yours Major. I'd guess we have thirty minutes at most! (RUSHES OFF, CALLING) See you in Hut Twelve-A!

CHUADRI START CRACKLING AND FADING AWAY.

SCHWARTZMANN:
The quicksilver men. They're evaporating!

HARRIS:
Good Lord. (CALLING) Walters! Take up positions inside. Windows and doors. Cover every entrance. (HANDING GUN TO CONSTANCE) Wren Clarke. Take my pistol. Keep our visitor under guard. I'll give my men their orders, then join you presently. (HURRIES OFF)

CONSTANCE:
Sir! Onward, Dr Schwartzmann, if you please. (MARCHES HIM ON)

SCHWARTZMANN:
What are we doing?

CONSTANCE:
You heard the Doctor. Your German military intelligence has just granted us half an hour to save the world.

SCENE 62: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY

RADIO STATIC OF COMMUNICATION PODS B/G.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, HISSING CONTINUOUS RADIO SIGNAL UNDER FOLLOWING – GROUPS OF THREE LETTERS AT RANDOM)
K – A – E. C – X – V. H – T – P. L – Q – C. etc

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Hurry, Flint, hurry.

FLINT FLICKS THROUGH CODEBOOKS, MOVING PODS ACROSS THROUGH FOLLOWING.

FLINT:
These eggs of yours are fiddly little blighters. Do I have to roll them over every page in every book?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) All the codes. We must know all the codes.

FLINT:
I'm going as quick as I can.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) You have read all these pages yourself?

FLINT:
Glanced at them. Flicked through, like.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Then the impression will be in your mind…

FLINT:
The Germans at the chateau said I'd a good memory, but I'm not a bleedin' elephant! It's not photographic!

WAVEFORM:
(FX) It does not need to be. The records are somewhere in your brain. The signals can be located.

RADIO STATIC CRACKLES AROUND FLINT.

FLINT:
Agh! Hold on one flamin' minute!

WAVEFORM:
(FX) You are prepared to make sacrifices to gain your reward?

FLINT:
I'm not gonna sacrifice my noggin!

WAVEFORM:
(FX) It will not come to that. Relax, Flint. The signals will be clearer.

RADIO CRACKLING INCREASES. FLINT DROPS THE EGGS.

FLINT:
Aaagh!

SCENE 63: INT. HUT TWELVE-A, BLETCHLEY

KNOCK AT DOOR. SYLVIA ENTERS.

SYLVIA:
You sent for me, ma'am?

DOCTOR:
Actually, I did. I need a cryptological genius. Since Alan is engaged with Delilah at Hanslope Park-

CONSTANCE:
Delilah? I don't think [Mr-]

DOCTOR:
Delilah is an enciphering machine.

CONSTANCE:
Ah.

DOCTOR:
Since he's so crucial to this period of history, I'd rather not disturb him. You will more than suffice as a substitute, Sylvia.

SYLVIA:
Me, sir? Are you sure, sir? Can't you do it?

DOCTOR:
I shall be otherwise occupied. Now listen. I need you to create a cipher. One the Waveform would have no hope of cracking. The message, I will provide. Once you've encoded it – I'll need you, Wren Clarke, to transmit it.

SYLVIA:
Should I fetch a Type-X machine sir?

DOCTOR:
No. We must keep this code 'off-line'. You need to create it with pen and paper. And your brain. Here. I'll write down what I want you to say. (GRABS PEN AND WRITES) Just a couple of lines.

SCWARTZMANN:
Herr Doctor. Frau Clarke. If I might interject?

DOCTOR:
Yes?

SCWARTZMANN:
Ciphers are my business. I will help.

SCENE 64: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY

HISSING OF WAVEFORM B/G.

FLINT:
(MOANS, RECOVERING) Got what you needed?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We process the decryptions. Your brain is unharmed.

FLINT:
Urgh. Don't feel like it. (RUBS HEAD) We won't be doing that again in a hurry. Will we?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) These codes remain constant for one day?

FLINT:
That's right. They'll change again at midnight.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We will not need that long. Soon our Chuadri manifest once more.

FLINT:
You reckon you can finish this today?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We detect which wavelengths are most vital. We consume the signals. Signals we use to build our army. We will spread across this sphere as frequencies fall under our control.

FLINT:
You reckon you'll have a big enough army to take down the Germans? The Brits? The Russians and the Yanks?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) The Chuadri will be without number once every field of the spectrum is ours.

FLINT:
Then I get to run things, right?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) You will be the modulator of the harvest of planet Earth.

FLINT:
'Modulator'? Sounds a bit poncey. Can't I just be King? Or Emperor, maybe?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We warn you, Emperor Flint, most humans will not survive. Few will remain for you to rule.

FLINT:
(CHUCKLES) 'Emperor Flint'. Like it. That's all right, me old mucker. Never been big on making friends.

SCENE 65: INT. HUT TWELVE-A, BLETCHLEY

OCCUPANTS SCRIBBLING ON PAPERS. HARRIS KNOCKS, ENTERS AND CLOSES DOOR.

HARRIS:
All quiet. No sign of those silver blighters. Yet.

CONSTANCE:
Everyone's indoors?

HARRIS:
Yes. I've put a temporary stop on traffic in or out. There's already a half-dozen despatch riders at the gate.

DOCTOR:
We need to deal with this quickly. I can't let it affect history. Your war goes on, but we've got to win this one first…

HARRIS:
My men report Flint's holed up in your office. We could storm it-

DOCTOR:
No. He's got the Waveform on his side.

SCHWARTZMANN:
At close range, it takes human beings apart.

CONSTANCE:
We are defeating it with something more than brute force.

HARRIS:
What about your police box? Your… ship?

DOCTOR:
Still mired in the Waveform's signal. I have all I need right here. The fewer people who know what we're doing the better.

HARRIS:
So now we wait. (BEAT) You couldn't brew up some tea, Miss Wimpole?

CONSTANCE:
Pardon, Major?

SYLVIA:
Yes, sir.

CONSTANCE:
No — as you were, Sylvia. Major, do you have a mathematical degree?

HARRIS:
Well, I, er…

CONSTANCE:
Do you have a first from Oxford in Modern Languages?

HARRIS:
I speak French, and bit of German-

CONSTANCE:
It's not just words. It's a mindset. Transferring meaning from one set of symbols to another. Can you do that?

HARRIS:
No.

CONSTANCE
Well those who can need tea. Brew it yourself. Sir.

DOCTOR:
Actually, Major, you can accompany me. There's a task I have in mind.

SYLVIA:
I was thinking, Doctor. Couldn't you send an order? If it's using radio waves for power, then we could stop them. Order radio silence. Just a short while. Dr Schwartzmann, you could ask too.

SCHWARTZMANN:
(SCORNFULLY) You think German High Command would listen?

DOCTOR:
No. The worst thing we could do now is disrupt radio traffic. History must take its course. Any interference would be catastrophic. (SIGH) At least the whole thing will be over this time next year.

CONSTANCE:
The whole… sorry, what?

DOCTOR:
Erm. Forget I said that. Even a temporary halt to transmissions would endanger the war's outcome.

CONSTANCE:
You just said, the end of the war was coming. Next year?

DOCTOR:
We'll live to see next year. That's what I meant. — Major. Are you ready?

HARRIS:
Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Bring that big metal doorstop would you? (EXITING) I'll need to get past any newly-formed Chuadri at the Mansion.

HARRIS:
(PICKING UP LARGE MAGNET) With a doorstop?

SCENE 66: EXT. OUTSIDE BLETCHLEY MANSION

HARRIS AND DOCTOR APPROACH MANSION CAUTIOUSLY, TAKING COVER IN FOLIAGE AS PLANES PASS OVERHEAD. USE HUSHED TONES.

HARRIS:
There they go. Goodness knows where Jerry's set his sights tonight.

DOCTOR:
There are messages out there that could tell you. We need to get Bletchley back to work.

HARRIS:
I could try what the girl suggested, Doctor. Order radio blackout.

DOCTOR:
No, you can't. Ultra is vital. Especially now.

CRACKLING CHUADRI FORM IN GROUNDS.

DOCTOR:
The foot-soldiers are returning. It must be making progress with the codes.

HARRIS:
If we can't beat this thing. If it starts to gain the upper hand… There are alternatives. A bombing run. On our own soil. There'd be ways of making it look [like-]

DOCTOR:
No! It can't come to that. You've no idea how important this place is.

HARRIS:
We may not have a choice.

DOCTOR:
Then we'd better get on with it. Get rid of any extra-terrestrial interference in good time for Overlord.

HARRIS:
Good grief. How do you-

DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) The same reason I know about the aerial mast being installed at Hut Eighteen. I told you before: friends in high places. One friend in particular.

HARRIS:
I did wonder.

DOCTOR:
You and your men have your assignment. Dismantle that equipment and run a loop right around the perimeter. Wrens Clarke and Wimpole will do the rest with the message I gave them to encode.

HARRIS:
I still don't understand your part, Doctor. Strolling into the lion's den? Flint and that creature won't leave your office. They won't let you near your TARDIS. What do you hope to achieve?

DOCTOR GETS UP, WALKING TOWARDS MANSION.

DOCTOR:
I'm simply doing what I came here to do in the first place, Major. I'm going fishing.

SCENE 67: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY

HISSING WAVEFORM B/G

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Transmitting. Radius expanding. Two miles. The codes are elaborate but we receive them.

CHUADRI MATERIALISE OUTSIDE.

FLINT:
Good-oh. Our silver army's back in business. The rest of the world won't know what hit it.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Something slows us. Obstructs our view. Listen.

BEEPING TELEPRINTER SIGNALS EMERGE FROM STATIC.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) More complex signals. Help us decipher them.

FLINT:
I don't know what that is. Sounds different from my box of tricks.

DOCTOR:
(AT DOORWAY) That's the Lorenz. German High Command's coded teleprinter signal.

FLINT:
You what?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Doctor…

DOCTOR:
(STROLLING INTO ROOM) British Intelligence has never seen one, but they built the Tunny to replicate its operation. Twelve rotors. More letters. Billions of combinations. It'll take you a little longer to decrypt. That's why Bletchley built Colossus.

FLINT:
Oi. What are you doing here? How'd you get past our guards?

DOCTOR:
My magnetic personality. Well. A large enough magnet to stun them. But look. (PLACES MAGNET ON TABLE) I'm giving it up. I come in peace.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We will disperse your signals.

CRACKLING STATIC.

DOCTOR:
Wait! I came to talk.

FLINT:
The Waveform's done with you, Doctor. It's my turn now.

DOCTOR:
On the contrary, Mr Flint. I'm here to see you. To beg an audience with the ruler of the world in waiting.

FLINT:
Nah. You just want your police box.

DOCTOR:
(DISMISSIVE) Oh, no. My TARDIS is as good as useless. I am here to appeal to you as a fellow human being. Well, near enough.

FLINT:
What's your game? Are you hidin' something?

WAVEFORM:
(FX) The Doctor conceals no devices.

DOCTOR:
We could save the people, Flint. Your people. Wouldn't you rather rule as a hero than a tyrant?

FLINT:
I dunno. Caviar tastes the same either way. How can I save 'em?

DOCTOR:
The Waveform can absorb what it needs from the Earth. Persuade it to spare the people. There are many potential energy sources. There are machines here that can calculate- (BREAKS OFF) No. I've said too much.

FLINT:
Don't matter. Sounds like too much trouble to me. I'll stick with the original plan.

DOCTOR:
You really have no moral scruples at all, have you Mr Flint?

FLINT:
Got me where I am today.

DOCTOR:
And where's that? Do you think this war's made you a hero? Just because you can play one side off against the other? Or are you simply a self-serving sociopath, who's found a comfortable niche while all around him burns?

FLINT:
Of the two of us Doc, I'm the one who's gonna see the sun rise tomorrow. That puts me ahead.

DOCTOR:
With the Waveform running the show, I wouldn't count on it.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) The Doctor conceals meaning. Calculating machines?

FLINT:
Here. Hang about. It's got a point. What's that Colossus you were on about?

DOCTOR:
(FEIGNING IGNORANCE) Did I mention a 'Colossus'?

FLINT:
Tell us.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We sense… electrical fields. This machine is close. These signals can be decoded.

DOCTOR:
No, really. I don't think it'll be any good to you. You seem to be doing perfectly well without- (GRABBED BY FLINT)

FLINT:
(GRABBING DOCTOR) Show us.

SCENE 68: INT. HUT TWELVE-A, BLETCHLEY

SYLVIA FINISHES SCRIBBLING NOTES.

SYLVIA:
We've done it! The poem's encoded. I think. I need to run it through… Hut Eleven. To test it out.

CONSTANCE:
Very good Sylvia. Be careful.

SYLVIA:
Yes, ma'am.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Might I accompany? I haven't had stimulating work like this in a long while.

CONSTANCE COCKS PISTOL.

CONSTANCE:
You'll stay where you are, sir. Off you go, Wren.

SYLVIA EXITS.

CONSTANCE:
We can't let you into all our secrets. I'm going to have to tie you to your chair again, while we complete our mission.

CONSTANCE STARTS TYING SCHWARTZMANN.

SCHWARTZMANN:
I forget. I am the prisoner and you are the guard. The girl is bright. You have many like her?

CONSTANCE:
She's one of the best. But yes, we have many, many like her. That's why we'll win the war.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Perhaps. Why not shoot me now? Your Major Harris will not let me live. I already know too much.

CONSTANCE:
It won't come to that. We're not brutes. You'll find British prisons better-appointed than your own. I expect most prisoners of war won't have the luxuries you'd be afforded.

SCHWARTZMANN:
I sense bitterness in your tone, Frau Clarke.

CONSTANCE FINISHES TYING.

CONSTANCE:
Do you? Need I remind you, our countries are at war? (BEAT) You're a ranking officer in German intelligence… I've something I must ask…

SCHWARTZMANN:
(BITTER LAUGH) You expect me to share secrets with you simply because we share your… strange-coloured tea.

CONSTANCE:
The Carnation milk turns it orange. (BEAT) You know my name. Do you know of an agent who shares it?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Clarke?

CONSTANCE:
My husband. Henry Clarke.

SCHWARTZMANN:
This is a British agent? Or a double agent? (BEAT) There is a quiver in your 'stiff upper lip', I see.

CONSTANCE:
We may be enemies, but we're still human beings.

SCHWARTZMANN:
You are careful not to chafe with your ropes. Very humane.

CONSTANCE:
(SIGH) Is there a Mrs Schwartzmann?

SCHWARTZMANN:
You think this is my real name? I am a Baron, no less. We have a house in Bremen. My wife. My children. My dogs.

CONSTANCE:
Why are you telling me this?

SCHWARTZMANN:
Because it does not matter. I know nothing of your husband. Officers of the Abwehr barely know one another, let alone the agents they run. Most of all, it does not matter because you will die.

CONSTANCE:
I don't think so. What the Doctor said about next year… I'm inclined to believe him.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Your Doctor said the war would be over. He did not say which side would win.

SYLVIA RUSHES IN.

SYLVIA:
(BREATHLESS) It worked, ma'am. The code's secure. Dr Smith's message is enciphered and ready.

CONSTANCE:
Then let's get to work.

SCENE 69: INT. COLOSSUS BLOCK, BLETCHLEY

FLINT AND DOCTOR ENTER, FOLLOWED BY WAVEFORM AND CHUADRI.

DOCTOR:
Here we are. The Colossus machine. The most powerful computer currently in existence on this planet. The only computer, in fact.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Start the machine. Break the code.

DOCTOR:
It's a little more involved than that. Many people are required to-

WAVEFORM:
(FX) It can be done by Chuadri.

DOCTOR:
First you need to turn that electrical signal you're picking up into a teleprinter message. This undulator does the job.

WAVEFORM CRACKLES, OPERATING UNDULATOR. TELEPRINTER BEEPS AND A SHORT BURST OF TICKERTAPE PRINTING.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We understand the transformation.

FLINT:
It only needs to see anything once.

DOCTOR:
There are thousands of characters. You'll need reams of tape-

TELEPRINTER BEEPING. CHUADRI CRACKLE, FORMING INTO RUSTLING TAPE THROUGH FOLLOWING.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) The Chuadri can also do this.

DOCTOR:
Handy things, aren't they? Infinitely mutable energy waves. Yet you seem to use them for destruction.

FLINT:
Shut it.

DOCTOR:
So now you're drawing signals from the ether, printing straight onto silver tickertape. It needs feeding through the Colossus.

DOCTOR PICKS UP TAPE, LOOPS IT ROUND COLOSSUS WHEELS

FLINT:
(TAKING OVER) I can do this. Move aside, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Very well. I'll switch on, shall I?

COLOSSUS STARTS WHIRRING AND CLICKING. TAPE RUNNING THROUGH WHEELS.

DOCTOR:
(OVER NOISE) Five thousand characters a second. Millions of combinations! All those lights, they're Boolean testing.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) More computation. More signals! More Chuadri!

MORE CHUADRI CRACKLE INTO TAPE.

DOCTOR:
The further afield you wish to roam, the more ciphers you'll have to break. They'll change every day. Hundreds of networks, thousands of messages.

FLINT:
We won't need to. We'll be round the world today!

WAVEFORM:
(FX) More! Increase transmission! Increase understanding!

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Tommy Flowers knew his stuff.

SCENE 70: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY

SYLVIA TIPTOES UPSTAIRS OUTSIDE OFFICE.

SYLVIA:
(JUST OUTSIDE) Ma'am? All clear in Dr Smith's office?

CONSTANCE:
Yes it is, Sylvia. The Doctor did it.

SYLVIA:
(ENTERING) I've switched on the transmitter in the radio hut. I can't really tell if it's working.

CONSTANCE:
We'll just have to have faith. (CRUMPLES PAPER) I've read the instructions he gave me. As simple as warming up a wireless set, he said.

SYLVIA:
You'll be fine, ma'am. I'd best report back to the Major. (BEAT) How do you get inside?

CONSTANCE UNLOCKS TARDIS.

CONSTANCE:
He gave me a key, too. Wish me luck. I've no idea what this thing might do when it comes to life.

SYLVIA:
Boost our signal, the Doctor said. Complete an ultra-low frequency circuit surrounding the whole site.

CONSTANCE:
Yes. I know that's what he said. But I've still no idea what it'll do.

CONSTANCE ENTERS TARDIS AND CLOSES DOOR.

SCENE 71: INT. COLOSSUS HUT, BLETCHLEY

COLOSSUS MACHINE WORKING. LOW HUMMING TONE STARTS BUILDING THROUGH SCENE.

FLINT:
(OVER NOISE) Can you hear that?

DOCTOR:
(OVER NOISE) Hear what? There's rather a noise.

FLINT:
Like a fly. Buzzing in my earhole.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Interference. There is interference.

DOCTOR:
Now you come to mention… there is something. Irritating, isn't it?

FLINT:
Doctor. What have you done?

DOCTOR:
Me? I haven't done a thing. I'm helping you two. Lord Haw-Haw and Caspar the friendly ghost. (BEAT) My friends, on the other hand…

FLINT:
What have you done?

WAVEFORM:
(FX, STRUGGLING) There is… interference. There are… unknowns.

FLINT:
Call the silvermen!

DOCTOR:
Your Chuadri are all a little tied up.

LOW FREQUENCY TONE MUCH LOUDER. DOCTOR STOPS COLOSSUS.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Transmit. Transmit!

DOCTOR:
You're not transmitting anything. Not outside the aerial loop that's now surrounding Bletchley Park.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) We are restricted!

DOCTOR:
A nice long wave. Very low frequency. I could tell, you see, from the fact you couldn't permeate seawater. There are limits to your range.

FLINT:
You were tricking us.

DOCTOR:
Tricking? No! Distracting. Oh yes. Nothing like fifteen hundred blazing thermionic valves to occupy the attention of sentient electromagnetism.

WAVEFORM:
(FX VOICE SLOWED AND SPEEDED THROUGH) What is this noise? It distorts us. Compresses us… Slows us… Destroys us…

DOCTOR:
Once our VLF signal started blocking you, the TARDIS started working. Boosting our VLF signal. Blocking you even more. So the TARDIS grew stronger. And boosted the signal. You get the idea.

WAVEFORM:
(FX, DISTORTED) Message and medium… We must understand!

DOCTOR:
If you're trapped, you need to break the code to get out.

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Signal… losing… integrity…

DOCTOR:
I'd hurry if you don't want to become the longest wave in the universe. All that power. Nowhere to go. Might I suggest you retreat? (HOLDS UP POD) Inside one of these?

FLINT:
An egg. He's got my egg!

WAVEFORM:
(FX) Decode… Decode! Flint!

CRACKLING INTERFERENCE AS WAVEFORM HOLDS FLINT.

FLINT:
Aaagh! Get off me!

DOCTOR:
The Waveform wants to take you along. It thinks you can break the code. Will you give it the bad news, or shall I?

FLINT:
Aaargh! I don't know. I'm telling you. He's made it up. I don't know!

DOCTOR:
It's not listening…

FLINT:
It's dragging me with it! Inside the egg! Help me! (SCREAMS, DISTORTED)

WAVEFORM:
(FX, DISTORTED) Transmit… Transmit… Transmit…

WHITE-NOISE WHOOSH, WAVEFORM AND FLINT ARE SUCKED INTO EGG. SILENCE.

DOCTOR:
Transmission ends. Over and out.

SCENE 72: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, BLETCHLEY

HARRIS:
(PACING) We have a problem it seems.

SCHWARTZMANN:
You do.

HARRIS:
The war is almost over, so the Doctor says.

SCHWARTZMANN:
I have secrets. You want me to bargain for my life? A name. Stauffenberg.

HARRIS:
I know about Stauffenberg.

DOOR UNLOCKED. DOCTOR ENTERS.

DOCTOR:
Major Harris? A word. Whatever his allegiances, Schwartzmann here was instrumental in saving the world. There must be room for understanding. Mercy.

HARRIS:
He must be imprisoned. Or eliminated.

DOCTOR:
Or returned home?

HARRIS:
I'll consider. I give you my word. He'll not come to harm on British soil. (WALKING TO DOOR) He can wait for now.

DOCTOR:
You do what you think right, Major. Goodbye, Dr Schwartzmann.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Goodbye, Herr Doctor.

DOCTOR EXITS. HARRIS FOLLOWS.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Would it help if I said I'd forgotten everything?

HARRIS:
No.

HARRIS EXITS, LOCKING DOOR.

SCENE 73: INT. TARDIS

TARDIS COMING TO LIFE.

CONSTANCE:
What a machine. So many lights and switches. I'm sure the Doctor said that this would operate the screen… (OPERATES SCANNER CONTROL)

SCANNER DISPLAY SHOWS SYLVIA AND HARRIS ENTERING OFFICE OUTSIDE.

SYLVIA:
(VIA MONITOR) - everyone's back at work. We're almost through the backlog already.

HARRIS:
(VIA MONITOR) Excellent news Wren Wimpole. That'll keep Commander happy.

SYLVIA:
(VIA MONITOR) There's just… one other thing, Major Harris.

HARRIS:
(VIA MONITOR) What's this?

SYLVIA:
(VIA MONITOR) I thought you should see it.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 74: INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, BLETCHLEY (CONTINUOUS)

SYLVIA:
A message. Received a few days ago. Left out of the dispatches. It's in English, you see.

HARRIS:
(TAKES PAPER, READS) 'Remain Constant. H. C.' Ah. Thank you, Wren Wimpole.

SYLVIA:
I don't want anyone to get in any trouble. It's probably just a mistake. What with everything going on…

HARRIS:
Thank you. That'll be all. Arrange a car for our visitor. He needs to get to Portsmouth tout suite.

SYLVIA:
Sir!

SYLVIA EXITS.

HARRIS:
(TO SELF) H. C.

TARDIS DOOR OPENS.

HARRIS:
There you are, Wren Clarke.

CONSTANCE:
Sorry sir, I couldn't remember which was the door switch. I'd be in there all day if I waited for the Doctor.

HARRIS:
MI5 will be here in force the next few days. I'd advise you to give them every assistance on the subject of your husband.

CONSTANCE:
Sir? (BEAT) Has there been… news?

HARRIS:
No. Not exactly. But I expect there will be… further questions. Thank you for your help, Wren Clarke. I'll be off.

CONSTANCE:
(DISTRACTED) Yes. I'll come down with you sir. I need to fetch some things.

SCENE 75: EXT. DRIVEWAY, BLETCHLEY

DOCTOR AND SYLVIA WALK ALONG LAKESIDE. BLETCHLEY TRAFFIC CONTINUES IN B/G — MOTORBIKES AND CARS COMING AND GOING IN DISTANCE. PEOPLE PASSING.

SYLVIA:
What was that message we encoded, sir? The verse? About the English 'lassies' at Bletchley?

DOCTOR:
A few lines it would never guess. With the Waveform's own name overlaid as a cipher, to lend a maddening proximity to the solution. You know the feeling when the crossword answers are on the tip of your tongue? That's how it'll feel forever. Locked in its golden egg, safe in the TARDIS. 'Waveform'. No repeating letters, you see. A very tough nut.

SYLVIA:
It was Dr Schwartzmann's idea to use the binary method.

DOCTOR:
And you worked it out. In your head. I'm impressed. You're sure you don't fancy a little trip?

SYLVIA:
No sir. Thank you sir. I'm quite happy doing my bit here, in the - how did it put it? - the 'sodden Bletchley day'.

DOCTOR:
'Epitaph on Matapan to Mussolini'. I thought it seemed appropriate.

SYLVIA:
Is it a famous poem? I don't know it.

DOCTOR:
No-one does. No-one will for a long while. (SIGHS, STOPS) Dear old Dilly Knox wrote it. He never knew how vital his work was. But one day the world will learn the truth. They'll realise how much is owed to all of you here.

SYLVIA:
Sorry, sir?

DOCTOR:
Churchill knows. That's how you win a war. With the mind. Put your faith in the oddballs. Chess-players. Crossword-solvers. Give them an army of indefatigable aides. Wrens, debs, (CHUCKLE) 'Dilly's fillies'. Everyone plays their part. Together, you save lives. Together, you can end this war.

SYLVIA:
I hope so. I… should get back to my hut. Tea's over. (SALUTING) Goodbye Dr Smith.

DOCTOR:
Carry on, Wren Wimpole.

SYLVIA WALKS OFF. DOCTOR WALKS TO MANSION HOUSE. TRAFFIC AROUND BLETCHLEY, BIKES, PEOPLE, BICYCLES IN B/G. DOCTOR STOPS AT MANSION DOORWAY.

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) Winston's golden geese, that never cackled. (ENTERS MANSION)

CONSTANCE RUNS ALONG PATH.

CONSTANCE:
(RUNNING, CALLING) Doctor! Doctor Smith! One moment!

CONSTANCE HURRIES INTO MANSION.

SCENE 76: INT. HOLD, CARGO SHIP

STEAMER FOGHORN ABOVE. DOOR UNLOCKED. FOOTSTEPS

SCHWARTZMANN:
Ah. I thought I might not be permitted to get clean away. Your change of heart seemed… convenient.

HARRIS:
I can't allow it. Whatever the Doctor thinks. There's a war on.

SCHWARTZMANN:
You come in person?

HARRIS:
(LOADING REVOLVER) Professional courtesy.

SCHWARTZMANN:
I appreciate it. I am impressed. I did not think the British officer class quite so ruthless. I would do the same.

HARRIS:
I shan't take that as a compliment.

SIRENS ABOVE. DISTANT GUNFIRE.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Ah. What route did this vessel take?

HARRIS:
We're off the Belgian coast.

SCHWARTZMANN:
Your people are probably decoding the attack command now. Only, they will not act, so my people do not discover the code has been broken. They will sacrifice this convoy to preserve their secrets. I admire such pragmatism.

HARRIS:
What?

SCHWARTZMANN:
A wolf-pack patrols here. Last I heard, it was awaiting orders. I've an idea what those orders are.

EXPLOSION, METAL BUCKLING. BOTH MEN FALL. SEA STARTS POURING IN.

HARRIS:
(OVER NOISE) Dear Lord. We're hit!

SCHWARTZMANN:
(OVER NOISE) Your gun seems rather superfluous now. You think the war will be over next year?

METAL RENDS. EXPLOSIONS OFF, ABOVE. SEA ROARING IN NOW.

HARRIS:
(OVER NOISE) We'll never know, Herr Schwartzmann. We'll never-

VERY CLOSE EXPLOSION. SHIP RENDS APART AND SINKS.

SCENE 77: INT. TARDIS

TARDIS IN FLIGHT B/G. DOCTOR CHECKING CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:
(HUMS SEA SHANTY 'DRUNKEN SAILOR')

CONSTANCE ENTERS.

DOCTOR:
You managed to find a suitable billet?

CONSTANCE:
I'm used to Spartan quarters. It's all very… clean. (BEAT) Thank you, sir. For allowing me on board.

DOCTOR:
'Allowing'…? You practically press-ganged me into it. (BEAT) This is all very sudden, Constance.

CONSTANCE:
I… have my reasons. And it's Wren Clarke. Please.

DOCTOR:
The TARDIS is not a military vessel. No need for rank and title.

CONSTANCE:
Erm, 'Doctor'?

DOCTOR:
A civilian calling.

CONSTANCE:
And your name is not John Smith.

DOCTOR:
No.

CONSTANCE:
You may continue to address me as Mrs Clarke. I don't think over-familiarity would be very seemly, do you?

DOCTOR:
As you wish, 'Mrs Clarke'. (BEAT) Where is Mr Clarke, by the way?

CONSTANCE:
That information is classified. And I am not deserting. Let me make that quite clear. (BEAT) You can travel in time?

DOCTOR:
I can.

CONSTANCE:
Then we shall return just as soon as this business has been cleared up. Less than a year, you said.

DOCTOR:
'This business' being… the Second World War?

CONSTANCE:
Yes, that's right. (BEAT) Is there going to be a Third?

DOCTOR:
I shouldn't really say…

CONSTANCE:
But there will be a world to return to? At the proper time, I mean.

DOCTOR:
Of course. Don't worry on that account. The human race has a few millennia in it yet. (BRIGHTLY) Mrs Clarke, I am at your disposal to return you to your duties at whatever time you see fit. Until then, I shall be very glad of your assistance.

CONSTANCE:
I'm pleased to hear it. From what I've seen so far, goodness knows, you need it.

THE END